

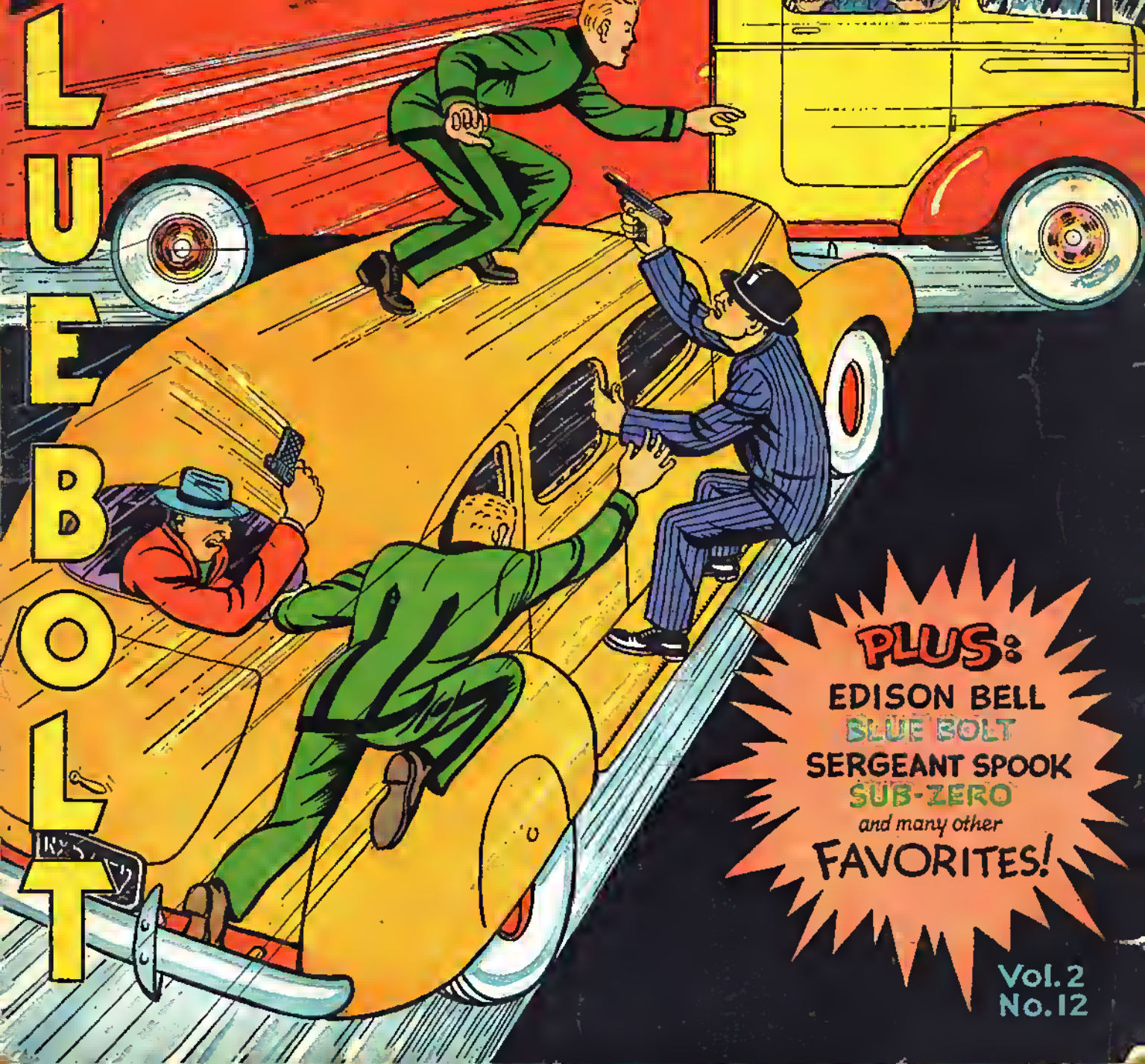
Featuring:

DICK COLE

May

BLUE BOLT

10¢



PLUS:

EDISON BELL

BLUE BOLT

SERGEANT SPOOK

SUB-ZERO

and many other

FAVORITES!

Vol. 2
No. 12

[illegible]

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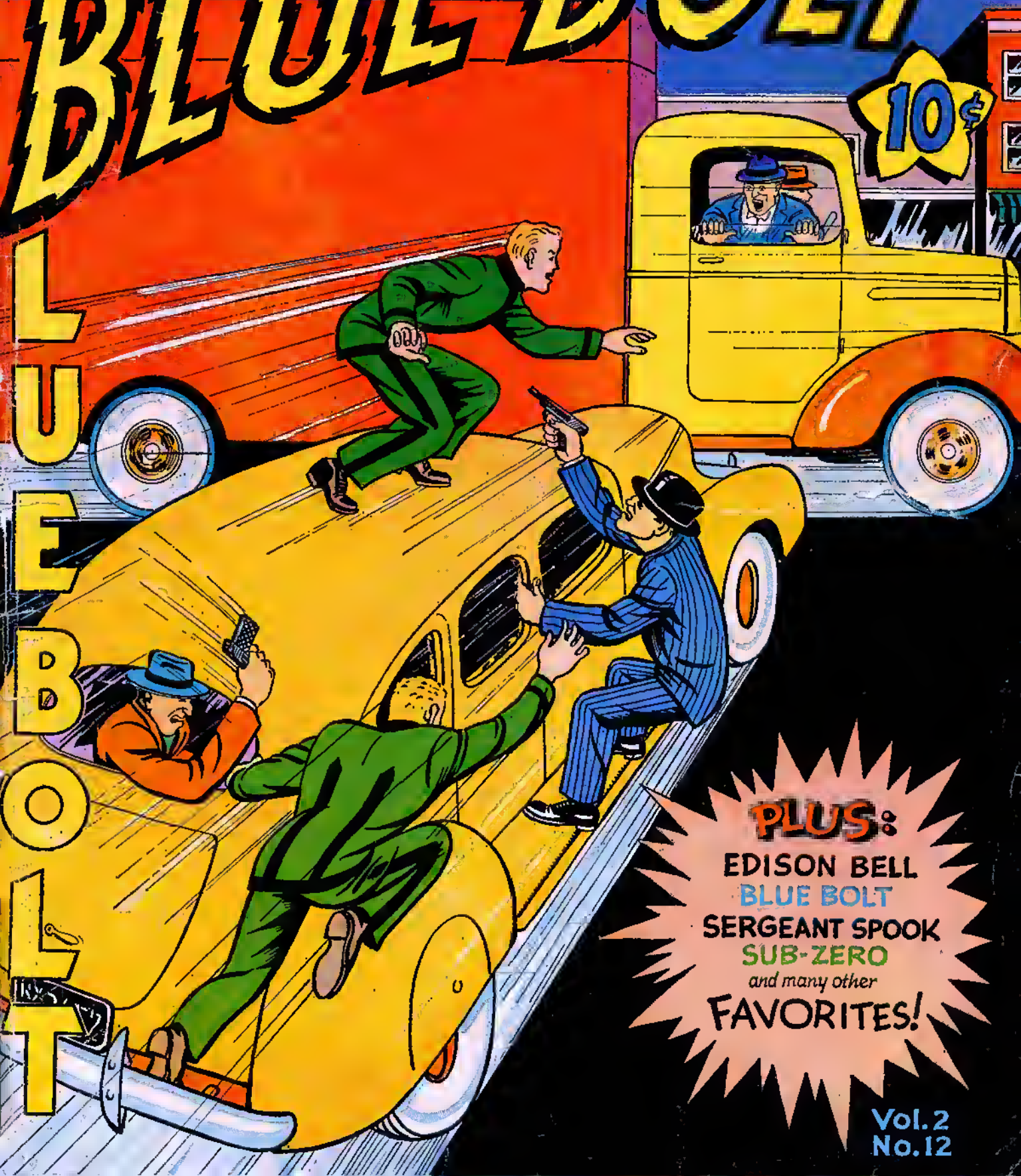
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Vol. 2
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Dear Readers:

Your letters to this page almost without exception for the last few issues have been tossing "bouquets" into the Editors' laps. We're mighty pleased of course; however, everyone needs some constructive criticism now and then which hasn't been forthcoming from you on BLUE BOLT. Since we can't find a single letter telling us that something is wrong with BLUE BOLT, instead of printing several letters telling us how good it is, we're going to answer a question that many of you have asked from time to time; namely:

WHO DRAWS THE COMICS?

One of our very genial artists is John Jordan. He entered his profession "the hard way"—via the newspaper route. He was a cartoonist for a number of papers, the last one being the New York Evening Journal. When the famous editor-columnist Arthur Brisbane looked around for a skillful artist to draw the well known Sunday editorial cartoons that appeared with his column, he found John Jordan a very able interpreter of his ideas. When Brisbane died, Jordan entered this field, and has been at it ever since. Oh, yes—of course you know, he draws "Sergeant SPOOK."

If you look closely at "Old Cap Hawkins' Tales", you'll find a wealth of detail showing thoroughness of the artist who draws this feature. That's the work of Henry Kiefer, who has studied art here and abroad. For many years, he was in Europe, and he has specialized in historical subjects. He is a book illustrator, too, and started drawing cartoon features some six years ago for the very first original comic magazine, "New Fun",—remember?

So very many of you boys and girls have written in about the "Edison Bell" feature that we should tell you a little about the fellows who create, write, and draw it. This is a "team"—that is, two persons cooperate on the material: Harold Delay is the artist; Ray Gill is the idea man and writer. The combination has worked out very well, though artist Delay is old enough to be Ray's father!

Artist Delay has been drawing for many years, and at one time lived in China. His hobby is model-making, so what would be more ideal as a livelihood than to illustrate the wonderful ideas that Ray Gill creates? Delay makes many of the things that he draws in "Edison Bell", right at his kitchen table—and gets a lot of fun and pleasure from it.

Ray Gill has written a number of "how-to-build" articles for magazines, edited a "Hobby Pocketbook Series", taught cartooning for a while at summer school, and goes in for all kinds of hobbies. We've heard that he has a model train layout that would make any miniature railroad fan turn green with envy, and that he knows stamps and photography. This wide interest in all kinds of "how-to-make" things is what makes his collaboration with artist Delay so interesting and lively. Yes—he's only a young fellow, and when he and artist Delay get their heads together there's sure to be a brand new, exciting, and fun-to-build gadget hot off the drawing board.

These boys as well as the other artists drawing for BLUE BOLT take much more than a commercial interest in their work and have always read your letters which comment on their strips with great interest. Ideas and suggestions presented by you are carefully discussed by them and incorporated into their work whenever possible.

From time to time we'll give you more thumbnail sketches of the fellows who draw your favorite features such as "funnyman" Jack Warren whose brain children are "Krisko and Jasper." So until the next issue, the best of luck to you all and don't forget your defense work to KEEP 'EM FLYING.

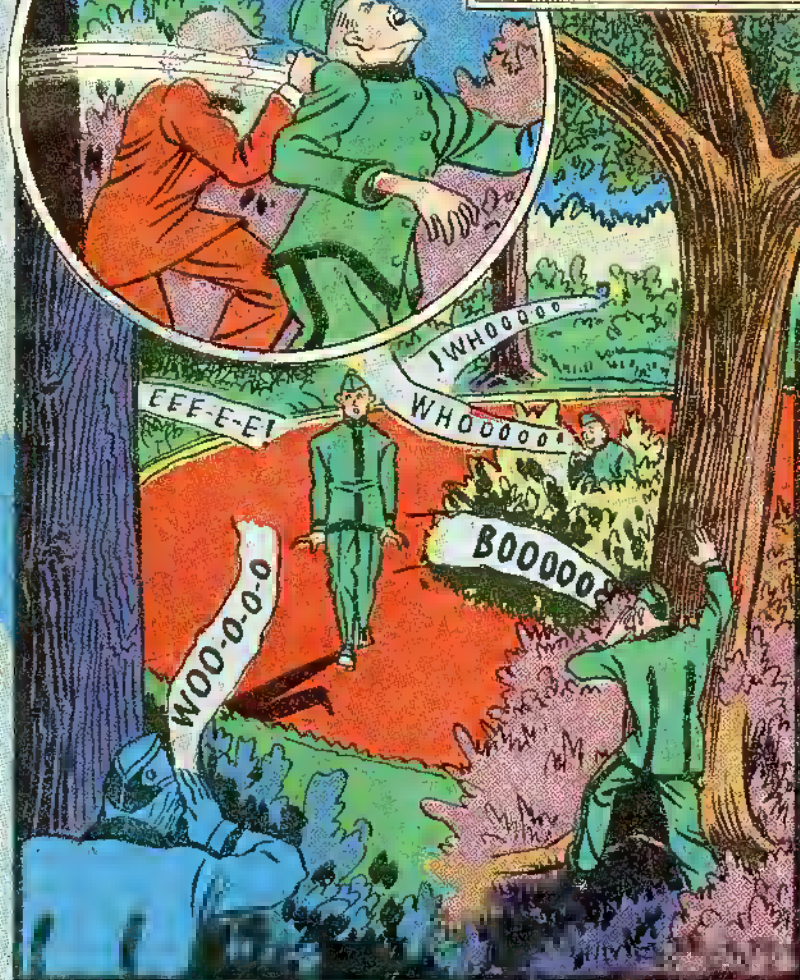
Cordially,
THE EDITORS

DICK COLE

WONDER

BOY!

FARR SCHOOL IS STEEPED IN TRADITION. ONE NIGHT, YEARS AGO, A CADET -- HARVEY TUDOR -- WAS MURDERED BY A FARMER ON A LONELY ROAD BACK OF THE SCHOOL. FROM THAT DAY, EVERY NEW PLEBE HAD TO PROVE HIS SALT BY WALKING DOWN "THE HAUNTED ROAD" ON A DREARY NIGHT. TONIGHT WE SEE THE GANG GIVING A NEW BOY THE WORKS FROM THE BUSHES!



HIDING IN THE BUSHES AND JOINING IN THE FUN ARE DICK AND HIS PAL, SIMBA.

JUMPIN' CHESTNUTS!
THE POOR FELLOW'S SCARED STIFF!

OH BOY! AN' TOMORROW WE MARCH THAT RICH JENKINS KID DOWN TH' HAUNTED ROAD!

EVEN A NUMBER OF THE CADETS' INSTRUCTORS HAVE TURNED OUT TO WATCH THE RAW RECRUIT GO THROUGH HIS PACES....

MAKES ME FEEL LIKE A CADET AGAIN. HA-HA!

GREAT BUNCH OF BOYS HERE AT **FARR!**

JOLLY GOOD FUN, EH?

IF IT DIDN'T LOOK TOO UNDIGNIFIED, I'D HOWL OUT LOUD TOO!

THIS IS TOO FUNNY FOR WORDS!

BUT, STANDING ALONE IS A MAN WHO NEVER FINDS ENJOYMENT IN ANYTHING THE **FARR** CADETS **EVER** DO! IT IS BITTER, SINISTER-LOOKING **PROFESSOR GIMLEY** THE MOST UNPOPULAR INSTRUCTOR AT THE ACADEMY....

YOUNG FOOLS! I HATE THEM ALL --AND **FARR**, TOO!

HAVING SUCCESSFULLY PASSED THE ORDEAL OF "THE HAUNTED ROAD," THE CADETS CONGRATULATE THE PLEBE....

WHEW! AM I GLAD THAT'S OVER!

NICE GOIN', OL' BOY! --FEEL ALL RIGHT?

WELCOME TO THE FOLD, LADDIE!

WHEE! WHAT FUN!

'RAY FOR JOHNNIE!

TODAY HE IS A MAN!

BOY, ARE MY SIDES SPLIT!

TOMORROW NIGHT YOU CAN HELP SCARE THE PANTS OFF THAT NEW JIMMIE JENKINS!

AS THE CADETS TROT OFF TO BED AFTER A GRAND DAY OF WORK AND PLAY, THE EVIL PROFESSOR SNEERS AFTER THEM....

BRAINLESS YOUNG FOOLS!

I'D LIKE TO THRASH EVERY ONE OF THEM!

HE WALKS HOME, MUTTERING TO HIMSELF....

THE LITTLE DOPES! WITH ALL MY TROUBLES, I HAVE TO SEE THESE YOUNG FOOLS ENJOYING THEMSELVES!

CLIMBING THE STAIRS TO HIS ROOM, HE OPENS THE DOOR TO FIND A "WELCOMING COMMITTEE" WAITING!

JOE MARRONE!

YA REMEMBER ME NAME ALL RIGHT... BUT YA FERGOT ABOUT TH' DOUGH YA OWE US!

YEH! WE'RE HERE T' COLLECT!

AN' IF Y' THINK WE'RE KIDDIN'...

--WE'RE PARKIN' RIGHT IN THIS ROOM TILL Y' COME ACROSS WITH TH' THOUSAND BUCKS! AN' Y' BETTER MAKE IT SNAPPY, PERFESSOR!

PLEASE! PLEASE!

AS THE GANGSTERS ARE ABOUT TO LEAVE

BUT HOW CAN I GET YOU A THOUSAND IN ONLY A WEEK?

THAT'S YOUR WORRY! I DON'T CARE IF Y' HAVE I ROB A BANK OR MAKE A SNATCH. JUST GET IT!

AFTER THE GANGSTERS HAVE GONE, A DIABOLICAL SCHEME COMES TO THE TWISTED BRAIN OF PROFESSOR GRUMBY...

A SNATCH--KIDNAPPING-- ONE OF THE FARR CADETS --I'LL GET REVENGE AND MONEY TOO, TOMORROW NIGHT WHEN THAT RICH KID JENKINS WALKS "THE HAUNTED ROAD"-- THE ROAD ON WHICH HARVEY TUDOR WAS KILLED!

THE NEXT NIGHT, DICK AND SIMBA ESCORT A FRIGHTENED JIMMIE JENKINS DOWN TO "THE HAUNTED ROAD."

IS THERE REALLY A GHOST?

YUP! HARVEY TUDOR'S GHOST!

UH HUH! JUST KEEP A STIFF UPPER LIP, AND EVERYTHING WILL TURN OUT FINE!

THEY ARE GREETED BY A LARGE GROUP OF FARR CADETS...

HERE'S THE TIME WHEN THE SON OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE ONE-PIECE STEEL COMPANY HOPES HE COMES OUT IN ONE PIECE!

HI, DICK! LEADING THE VICTIM TO TH' GALLOWS?

HOPE YOU BROUGHT YOUR ASPIRIN, JENKINS!

THE GHOST IS OUT ALREADY--

LET'S GET STARTED

EVERYTHING READY?

DON'T GET HIM TOO WORRIED, FELLOWS!

JENKINS BRAVELY STARTS HIS WALK ALONG "THE HAUNTED ROAD."

I CAN HEAR MY TEETH CHATTERING!

WOOOOO

WOOO-OOO!

!WOOOOOOOOO

WHEN HE IS HALF WAY DOWN...

AS JENKINS COMES TO THE END OF THE ROAD, THE EERIE FIGURE OF THE DEAD HARVEY TUDOR SUDDENLY SWOOPS DOWN AND LIFTS THE FRIGHTENED BOY OFF HIS FEET!

AAA-AAAAAA!

?

3

THE PHANTOM FIGURE SEEMS TO SAIL THROUGH THE AIR, HOLDING THE TERROR-STRICKEN BOY!

YAAAAAA

SAY! WHAT'S THAT?

HOLY MACKEREL!

HA! HA! PROBABLY A TRICK OF THE UPPER CLASSMEN!

YEA! THEY SURE WENT TO PLENTY OF TROUBLE! -- WOW!

DICK COLE, SIMBA, AND EDDIE DISCUSS THE EPISODE ON THEIR WAY BACK TO THE DORMITORY

WHOEVER PULLED THAT ONE, KEPT IT FROM ME -- THE FELLOWS COULDN'T EVEN FIND JENKINS TO CONGRATULATE HIM!

THEY MUST HAVE HIDDEN HIM IN THE OLD MILL OVER NIGHT. HE'S ALL RIGHT!

OH, HE'LL GET OVER IT SAME AS WE DID WHEN WE WERE FLEES! LET'S NOT BUTT IN!

... AND SOON AFTER, TAPS SOUNDS --- BUT THE DREARY NIGHT HAS JUST BEGUN FOR THE "GHOST" OF HARVEY TUDOR-- IN REALITY, THE DIABOLICAL PROFESSOR GRUMBY! HE SWIFTLY CARRIES THE TERRIFIED, GAGGED JENKINS TO HIS HOUSE.

THIS IS KILLING TWO BIRDS -- WITH ONE STONE -- YOUR FATHER, WILL PAY PLENTY TO GET YOU BACK AND THE NAME OF FARR WILL BE RUINED!

IN GRUMBY'S APARTMENT ...

I'LL GET RID OF THIS SILLY LUMINOUS MASK AND OLD UNIFORM -- THEN I'LL TAKE YOU TO A PLACE WHERE YOU'LL NEVER BE FOUND!

DON'T GO AWAY! HA! HA! --- I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

BUT, WITH ALL HIS CUNNING, GRUMBY HAS OVERLOOKED ONE DETAIL -- THE WINDOW SHADE!

BUT--- WHAT'S THIS? LAURA, THE COACH'S DAUGHTER, AND THE PROFESSOR'S NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR, IS JUST ABOUT TO PULL HER SHADE DOWN WHEN SHE SEES--

MY GOODNESS! THAT'S YOUNG JENKINS, THE NEW BOY! AND IN PROFESSOR GRUMBY'S QUARTERS! HE'S ALL TIED UP!

LAURA CLIMBS INTO THE TREE BETWEEN HER WINDOW AND GRUMBY'S

OH! WHAT HAS THAT MEAN OLD PROFESSOR DONE TO THE POOR BOY? I MUST FREE HIM!

... BUT JUST AS SHE CLIMBS THROUGH GRUMBY'S WINDOW INTO HIS APARTMENT, THE MAD PROFESSOR RETURNS!

YOU LITTLE BUSYBODY, I'LL TEACH YOU TO INTERFERE!

ULP!

THE NEXT MORNING, AT THE REGULAR MILITARY INSPECTION ...

CADET JAMES, CADET JAMICK, CADET JENKINS ...
CADET **JENKINS!** WHERE IS CADET JENKINS?

HMM!?

OH-OH!

BUT THERE IS NO ANSWER. ...DICK STEPS FORWARD AND RELATES THE EVENTS OF THE NIGHT BEFORE.

WE THOUGHT IT WAS A PRANK, SIR!

THIS IS SERIOUS!
I MUST REPORT IT TO MAJOR FARR AT ONCE!

IN THE OFFICE-MAJOR FARR, HEAD OF THE ACADEMY:

REGARDLESS OF THE BLOW TO THE REPUTATION OF THE ACADEMY, WE MUST NOTIFY JENKINS' FATHER IMMEDIATELY. THE COACH WILL HELP IN THE SEARCH FOR HIS DAUGHTER

YES, MAJOR FARR!

THE MAD PROFESSOR, WITHOUT USING HIS OWN NAME, HAS ALREADY SENT A DEMAND FOR MONEY...

-and if you do not comply within twenty-four hours you will not see Laura or Jenkins again. a friend

MAJOR FARR WRITES A NOTE AND HANDS IT TO DICK COLE.

PLEASE SEND THIS TELEGRAM TO JENKINS' FATHER IMMEDIATELY!

YES, SIR!

SIMBA HAS WAITED FOR DICK...

SIMBA, AS SOON AS I SEND THIS TELEGRAM TO MR. JENKINS, THE REPUTATION OF FARR ACADEMY IS RUINED!

YEAH, ALL THE PAPERS WOULD PRINT IT BIG, 'SPECIALLY 'CAUSE THE KID'S FATHER IS A MILLIONAIRE-- WE HAVEN'T A CLUE TO WORK ON--!

MEANWHILE... THE WICKED GRUMBY HAS PLACED LAURA AND JENKINS IN THE DAMP CELLAR OF HIS HOUSE.

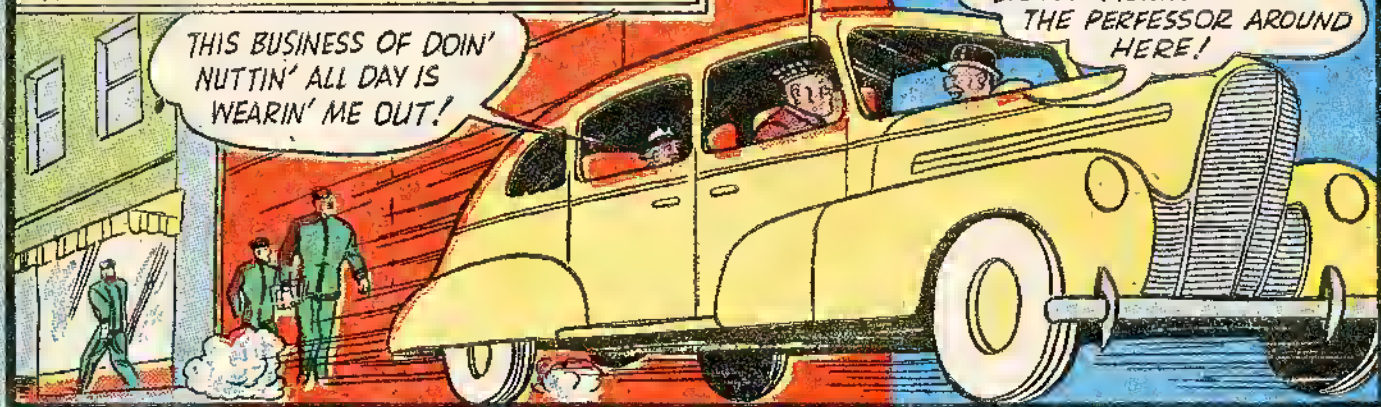
THEY'LL NEVER FIND YOU! HEH! HEH! AND FARR ACADEMY WILL BE RUINED!

AS DICK AND SIMBA, WITH HEAVY HEARTS, WALK TOWARD THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE WITH THE FATAL TELEGRAM - A TELEGRAM WITH A MESSAGE THAT WILL BREAK A FATHER'S HEART AND A FAMOUS SCHOOL'S REPUTATION, LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THE DOINGS OF THE GANGSTER, JOE MARRONE, AND HIS TOUGH HENCHMEN.

LISTEN, BOSS, IF DAT PERFESSOR GUY DOESN'T PAY UP THE "GRAND" BY TONIGHT!

I'M RUNNIN' DIS SHOW... AN' IF YOUSE GUYS WERE SMART YOU'D SEE THERE'S BIGGER PICKIN'S THAN THE PERFESSOR AROUND HERE!

THIS BUSINESS OF DOIN' NUTTIN' ALL DAY IS WEARIN' ME OUT!



WHADDEYA MEAN, BOSS?

YEAH... WHAT?

LOOK OVER THERE! IF DAT AIN'T A MILLIONAIRE'S KID, I NEVER SEEN ONE!



WHAT THEY SEE

YOU MAY GO NOW, JAMES.

YES, SIR!



--- JIMMY SMYTHE, ANOTHER OF FARR'S WEALTHY CADETS!

A SNATCH JOB IF I EVER SEEN ONE!

WE'LL GET AT LEAST TEN GRAND OUTA HIS OL' MAN!

OLD MAN, NUTTIN'! LISTEN T' ME, HUGS!



WE JUST SNATCH DIS KID, SEE? DEN, INSTEAD OF TELLIN' HIS FATHER, WE TELL DA SCHOOL DAT IF DEY DON'T WANT US T' RUIN THEIR CLASSY REPUTATION, DEY GOTTA COME ACROSS HEAVY, SEE! -- OTHERWISE WE TELEGRAPH DA KID'S OLD MAN. GET IT?



THE THUGS FOLLOW THE CADET - WHEN HE COMES TO A LONELY CORNER, THEY

HEY!

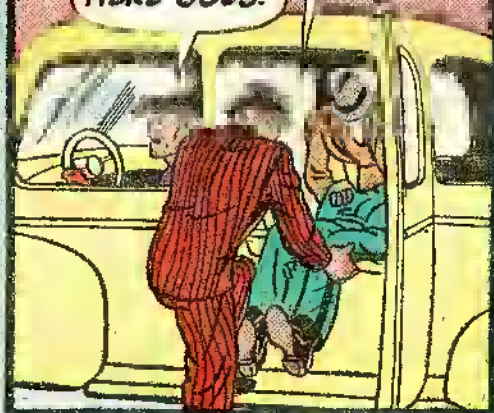
GET HIM, BOSS!



O.K., BOSS! HE'S OUT COLD!

GET HIM IN AN'
LET'S GIT GOIN'
MIKE! HURRY!

HERE GOES!

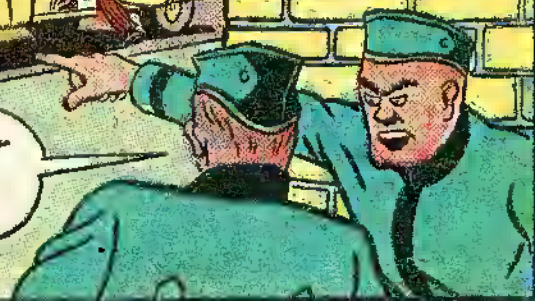


BUT AS THE GANGSTERS' CAR IS ABOUT
TO MAKE A 'GETAWAY, DICK AND
SIMBA ROUND THE CORNER ...

JUMPIN'
CATFISH!
... THE
KIDNAPPERS!



WE CAN'T LET
THEM GET
AWAY!



STOP, YOU DOGS!

COME ON,
SIMBA - WE
WON'T LET THEM
GET AWAY!

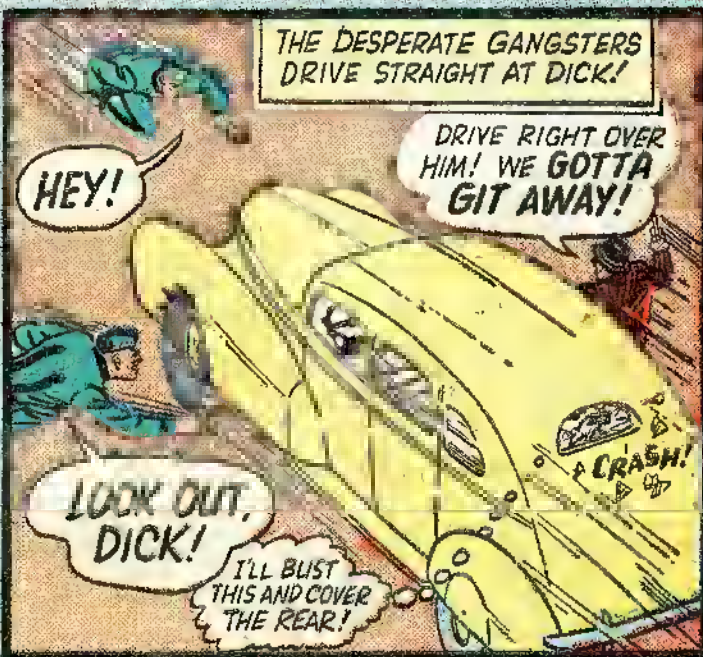


STEP ON IT,
MIKE!

THE DESPERATE GANGSTERS
DRIVE STRAIGHT AT DICK!

DRIVE RIGHT OVER
HIM! WE GOTTA
GIT AWAY!

HEY!

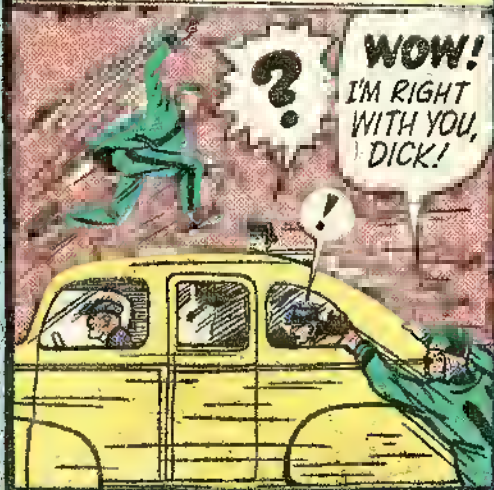


LOOK OUT,
DICK!

I'LL BUST
THIS AND COVER
THE REAR!

CRASH!

... BUT DICK, WITH PERFECT
TIMING, ----- LEAPS JUST
AS THE CAR PASSES THE SPOT
WHERE HE WAS STANDING ...



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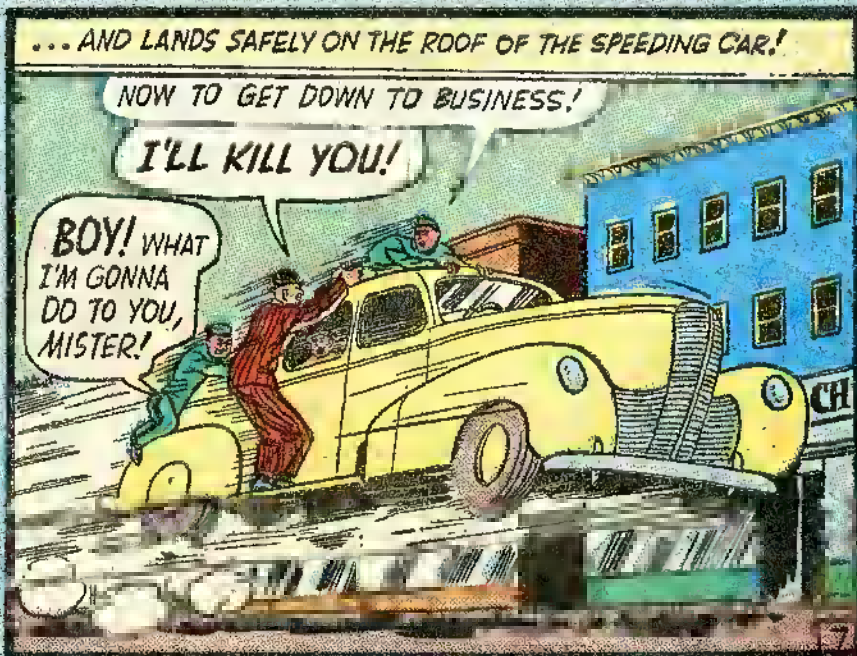
WOW!
I'M RIGHT
WITH YOU,
DICK!

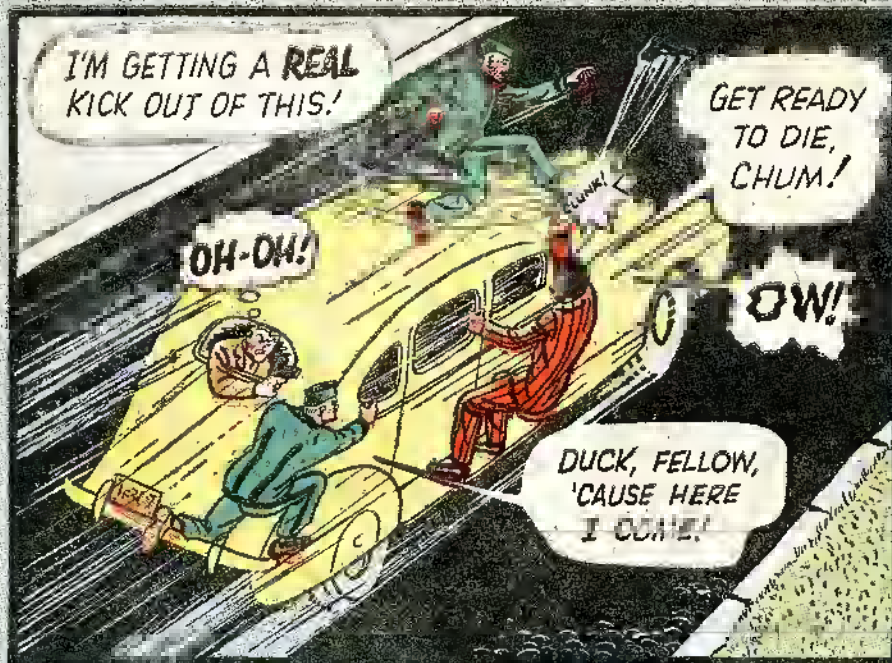
... AND LANDS SAFELY ON THE ROOF OF THE SPEEDING CAR!

NOW TO GET DOWN TO BUSINESS!

I'LL KILL YOU!

BOY! WHAT
I'M GONNA
DO TO YOU,
MISTER!





I'M GETTING A **REAL**
KICK OUT OF THIS!

OH-OH!

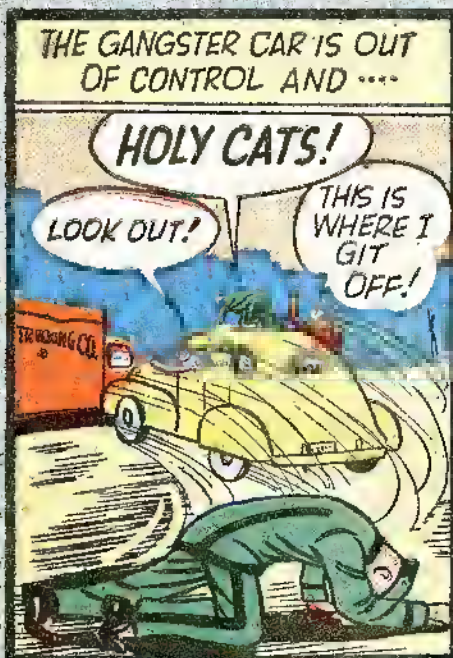
GET READY
TO DIE,
CHUM!

OW!

DUCK, FELLOW,
'CAUSE HERE
I COME!



THAT'S FOR YOU,
SMART GUY!

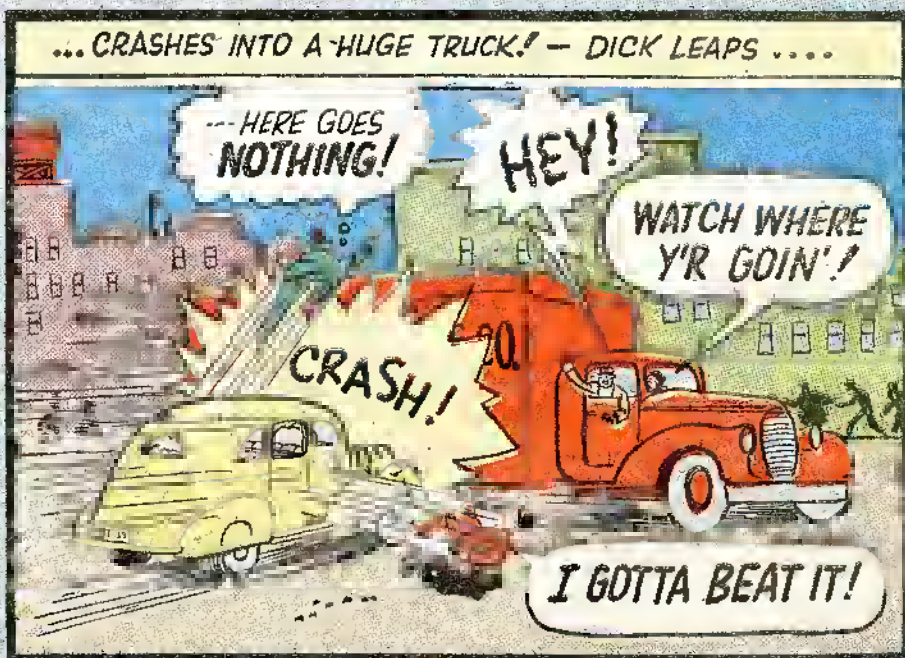


THE GANGSTER CAR IS OUT
OF CONTROL AND ...

HOLY CATS!

LOOK OUT!

THIS IS
WHERE I
GIT
OFF!



... CRASHES INTO A HUGE TRUCK! — DICK LEAPS ...

--- HERE GOES
NOTHING!

HEY!

WATCH WHERE
Y'R GOIN'!

CRASH!

I GOTTA BEAT IT!



AH, THAT DOES IT!
NOW FOR THOSE
KIDNAPPERS!

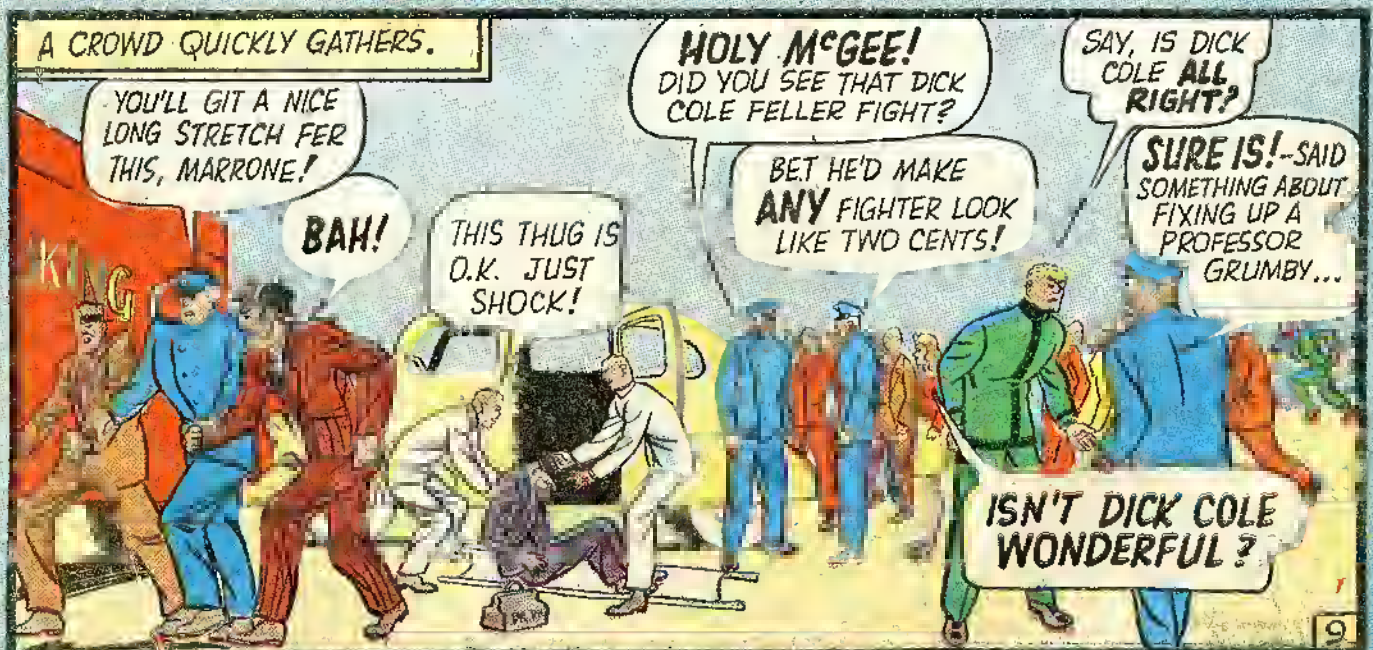
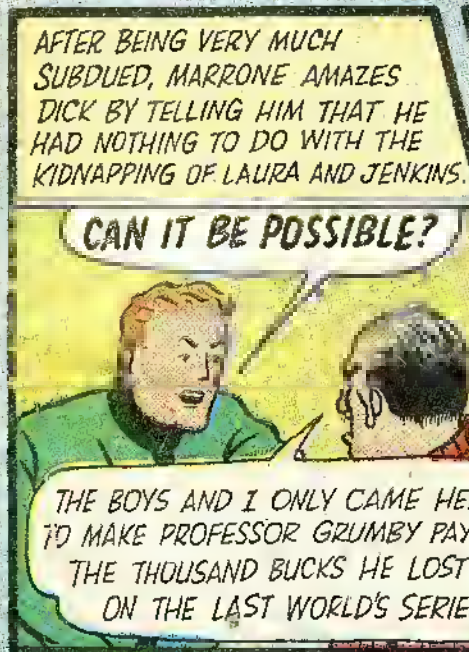
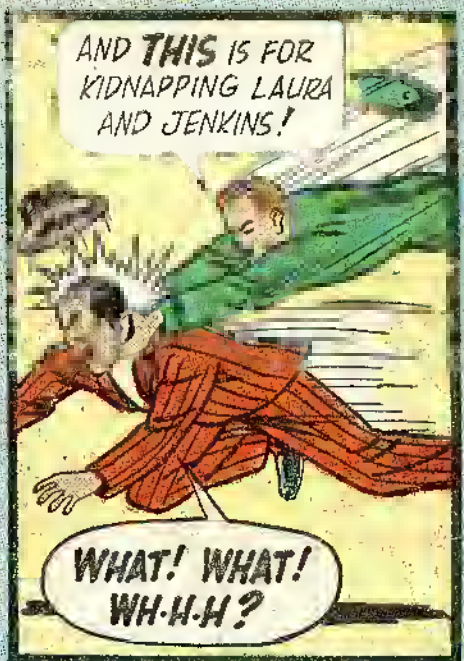


YOU WON'T GET
AWAY **NOW!**

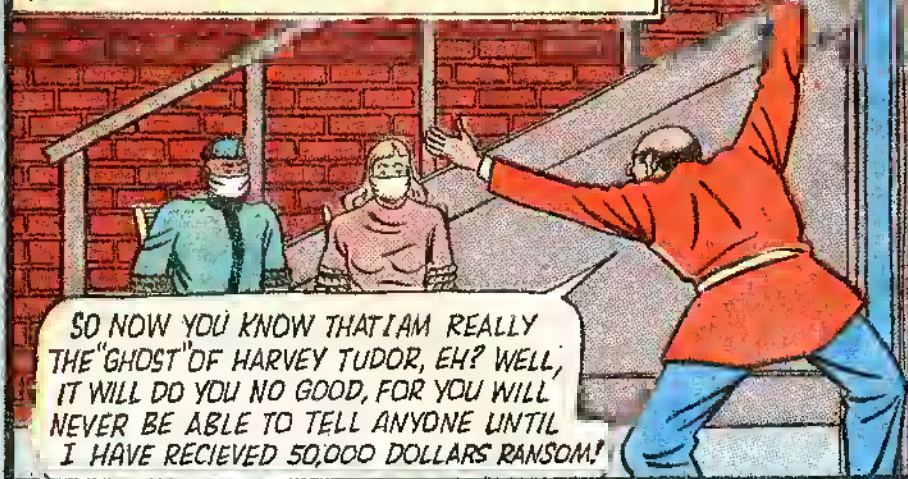
**COME BACK
HERE!**

RUN!

I AM!



BACK IN THE LOATHSOME, MAD PROFESSOR GRUMBY'S CELLAR, LAURA AND YOUNG JENKINS ARE KEPT SECURELY BOUND. THE LEERING, SINISTER PROFESSOR GNASHES HIS TEETH AND TORTURES THE PAIR WITH HIS BITTER WORDS.



AND WHEN I RECEIVE THE MONEY I SHALL BE FAR, FAR AWAY FROM HERE BEFORE THEY EVER FIND YOU!



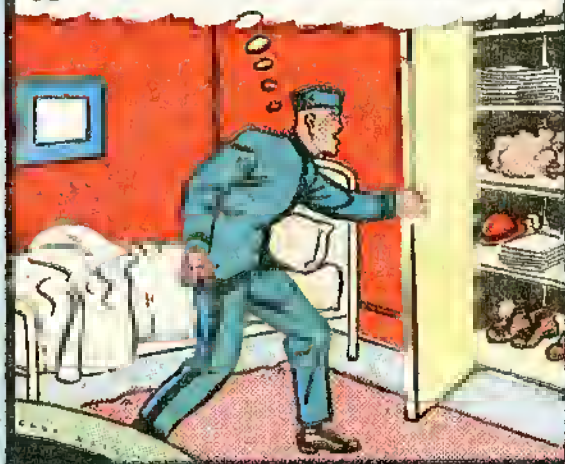
SO NOW YOU KNOW THAT I AM REALLY THE "GHOST" OF HARVEY TUDOR, EH? WELL, IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD, FOR YOU WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO TELL ANYONE UNTIL I HAVE RECEIVED 50,000 DOLLARS RANSOM!

I SHALL GIVE ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS TO MY DEAR FRIEND, JOE MARRONE --- JUST TO KEEP HIS FRIENDSHIP, OF COURSE --- AND I WILL KNOW THAT THE FO WHO CALL THEMSELVES **FARR CADETS** NO LONGER SET MY ANGER AFIRE WITH **THEIR** FUN AND LAUGHTER. I SHALL RUIN **MAJOR FARR** AND THE REPUTATION OF THE ACADEMY-- THAT'LL BE **MY** FUN! HEH! HEH!



BUT, UNKNOWN TO THE SMIRKING PROFESSOR, DICK COLE HAS ENTERED THE HOUSE AND FRANTICALLY SEARCHES EVERY ROOM ---

LAURA ... JENKINS ... WHERE **CAN** THEY BE? I'VE SEARCHED JUST ABOUT EVERYWHERE.



HE IS ABOUT TO LEAVE WHEN SUDDENLY HIS SHARP EYES SEE ---

A **FARR** SHIELD WITH JENKINS' INITIALS... THEY **MUST** BE IN THIS HOUSE. AND THE ONLY PLACE I HAVEN'T SEARCHED IS THE **CELLAR!**



DICK PROCEEDS CAUTIOUSLY DOWN THE RICKETY STAIRS THAT LEAD TO THE CELLAR, WHEN A ROTTED STEP LETS OUT A SHARP **SQUEAK!**



AN INTRUDER, EH? HEH! HEH!

SO, IT'S DICK COLE, THE WONDER BOY!



MY EYES! I-I CAN'T SEE!

DICK'S HAND REACHES
FOR ONE OF THE
LOOSE WALL BRICKS...

RELEASE LAURA AND
JENKINS, YOU FIEND!

NOT UNTIL I ---
WHAT'S IN YOUR
HAND?

... AND HURLS IT AT THE
LOATHSOME PROFESSOR!

THIS!

I NEVER DID
LIKE YOU,
GRUMBY!

AWK!

DICK
DIVES,
BUT---

OOF!

GRUMBY RETALIATES!

I HATE YOU!
I HATE
EVERYONE!

GRUMBY, EXERTING THE STRENGTH OF A MANIAC, GETS
AWAY FROM DICK-FOR AN INSTANT AND RUNS OUT AN ALLEY
LEADING TO THE STREET -- JUST AS SIMBA ARRIVES!

WOW! GET HIM, DICK!

THE KIDS ARE IN THE
'CELLAR, SIMBA!

YOU'LL NEVER TAKE
ME ALIVE, COLE!

SIMBA RUSHES DOWN TO RESCUE LAURA AND
JENKINS! QUICKLY HE REMOVES THE GAGS AND ROPES!

ARE YOU KIDS ALL RIGHT?

THAT MEAN
OLD PROFESSOR
IS A MANIAC!

GEE!- THERE'S NO REAL GHOST
AFTER ALL! HE GRABBED ME BY
SLIDING DOWN A WIRE HE
HOOKED FROM THE TREE TO THE
GULLY AT THE SIDE OF THE HAUNTED ROAD!

BACK TO THE CHASE. THE CRAZED PROFESSOR
DIVES AT AN APPROACHING TROLLEY.

STOP!

HEY!

I SAID YOU'D
NEVER TAKE ME
ALIVE! HA! HA!

THE CRAZED PROFESSOR
JUMPS STRAIGHT INTO THE
ONRUSHING TROLLEY CAR!

LOOK AT THAT
CRAZY FOOL!

BAM!

I CAN'T
LOOK!

MEANWHILE, MAJOR FARR IS IN
HIS OFFICE, A SORROWFUL LOOK
UPON HIS KINDLY FACE!

YOUR DAUGHTER, LAURA, AND
THE JENKINS BOY KIDNAPPED!
THE REPUTATION OF FARR
IS RUINED!

A FARR MAN NEVER
GIVES UP UNTIL THE LAST
WHISTLE IS BLOWN,
MAJOR!

SUDDENLY, DICK COLE RUSHES INTO THE MAJOR'S
OFFICE, CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY LAURA, JENKINS, AND SIMBA.

OLD PROFESSOR GRUMBY
KIDNAPPED THEM, MAJOR!
BUT DICK SAVED THEM AND
THE ACADEMY'S REPUTATION!

FARR WILL BE
ETERNALLY GRATEFUL
TO YOU, DICK!

I'LL
NEVER BE
ABLE TO REPAY
YOU, DICK!

DADDY!

AW, CUT IT OUT, YOU
GUYS! I DIDN'T DO
ANYTHING! ANYHOW,
SIMBA DID AS MUCH
AS I DID!

AFTER EXPLANATIONS HAVE BEEN MADE,
MAJOR FARR EXTENDS HIS HAND TO DICK.

IF NOT FOR CADETS LIKE YOU,
AMERICA WOULD NOT BE THE
GREAT LAND IT IS!

NO, MAJOR, I
REALLY WASN'T A
GOOD CADET --- I
DISOBEYED MY
COMMANDER'S
ORDERS!

BUT DICK'S CONFESSION BRINGS A
ROUND OF LAUGHTER.

I WAS ORDERED TO
SEND THIS WIRE TO
MR. JENKINS -- BUT
I DIDN'T!

ER--I THINK
WE CAN EXCUSE
YOU THIS TIME!

GEE, THE MAJOR'S
A SWELL
GUY!

AND LAURA'S
A SWELL
GIRL!
EH, DICK?

WELL, I THINK YOU'RE
BOTH PRETTY SWELL!

YESSIR! AND
DICK COLE
WILL BE BACK
NEXT MONTH
WITH ANOTHER
SWELL
STORY...

Plus
**A BIG
SURPRISE!**

SUB-ZERO

IT'S A 70-MILE-AN-HOUR
RACE AGAINST TIME --
AND SABOTAGE!
WHEN SUB-ZERO AND HIS
PAL FREEZUM HIT THE
ROAD TO SOLVE A MYSTERY!

SUB-ZERO AND FREEZUM
ARE ENJOYING A RIDE IN
THE COUNTRY, WHEN ---

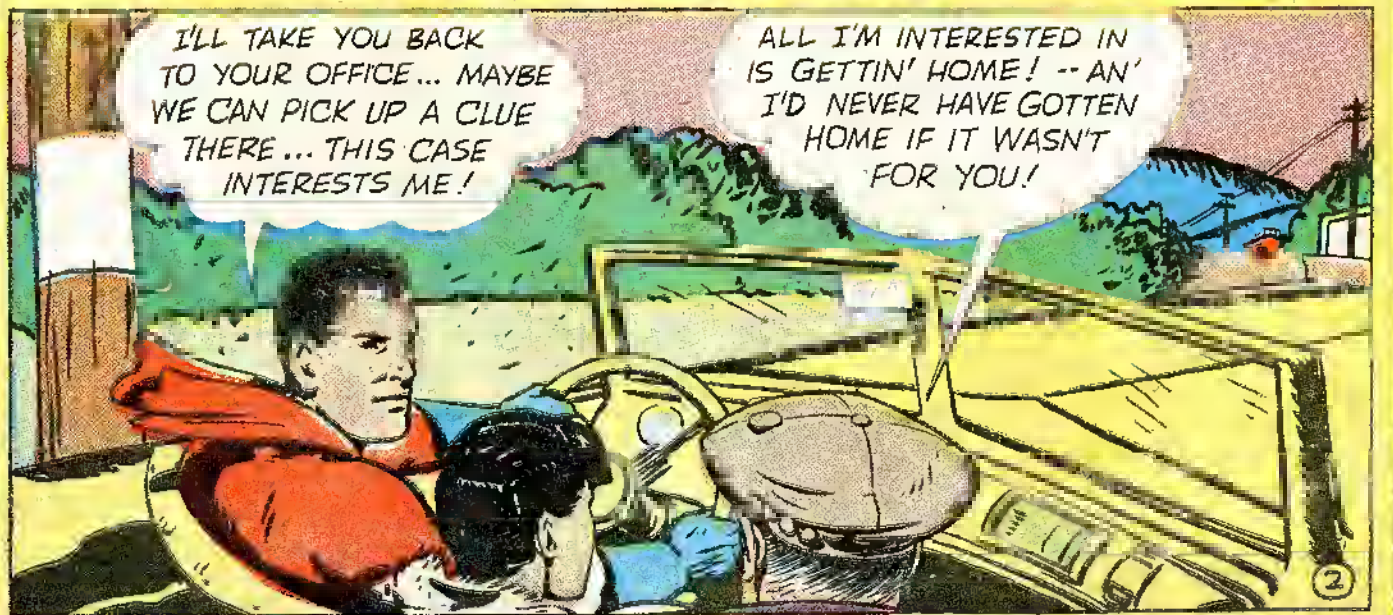
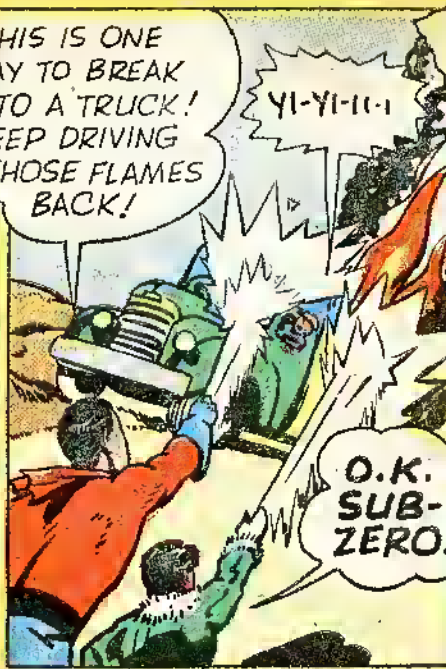
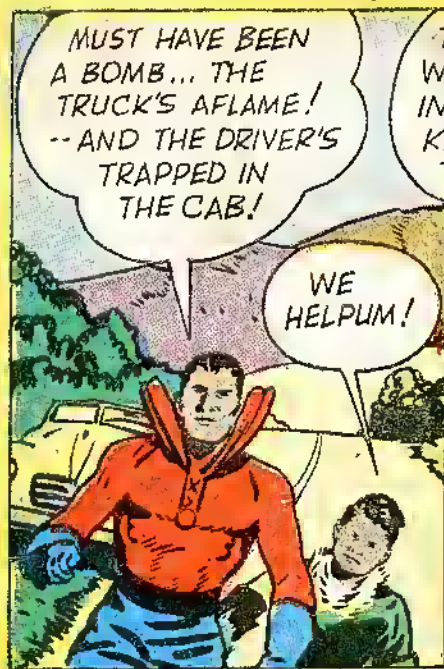
WOW!
LOOKUM!
TRUCK
WHIZZUM
BY!

THOSE TRUCK
COMPANIES WORK
ON SCHEDULES --
-- THEY HAVE TO
MAKE SPEED!

?

BLAM!

YEOW!



AT THE MAIN GARAGE OF THE P. & A. TRUCKING CO....

THIS IS MR. REEVES, PRESIDENT OF THE COMPANY, AND MR. THOMPSON, THE OFFICE MANAGER.

GLAD TO MEET YOU, MR. REEVES!

I'VE HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOU, **SUB-ZERO** --MAYBE YOU CAN SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THESE ACCIDENTS!

IT'S QUITE SIMPLE -- FOREIGN AGENTS SABOTAGING DEFENSE LOADS!

LET ME SEE A LIST OF YOUR TRIP SCHEDULES -- THEY MAY SHED SOME LIGHT!

THEY MAY -- BUT I DOUBT IT!

YOU CAN NEVER TELL, THOMPSON! -- SUPPOSE YOU ACCOMPANY ME TO MY OFFICE, **SUB-ZERO**.

THIS LIST SHOWS THAT MOST OF THE TRUCKS DAMAGED IN PHONEY ACCIDENTS CARRIED NOTHING BUT COMMERCIAL CARGOES. WHO'S YOUR CHIEF COMPETITOR?

THE CORNWELL HAULAGE CO.

I RECENTLY UNDERBID THEM FOR A GOVERNMENT CONTRACT -- BUT, IF THIS SABOTAGE KEEPS UP, THEY'RE LIABLE TO LAND THE CONTRACT.

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT. ASSIGN ME TO ONE OF YOUR TRUCKS AS A DRIVER -- MAYBE THAT'LL HELP CRACK THE CASE.

BETTER WATCH OUT **YOU** DON'T GET CRACKED! YOU'RE TAKING ON A DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT!

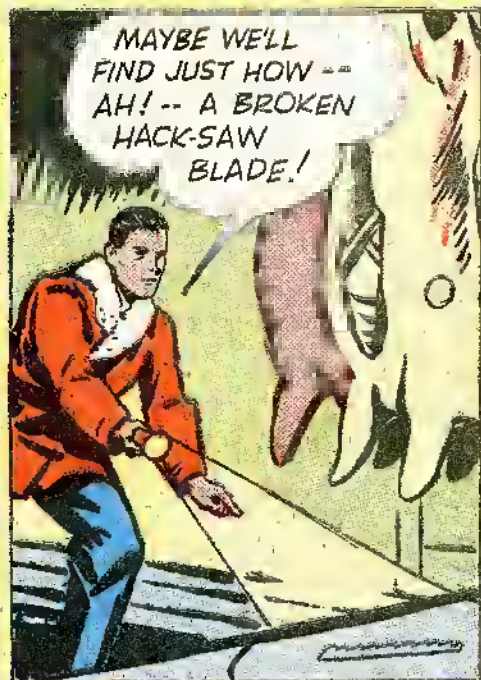
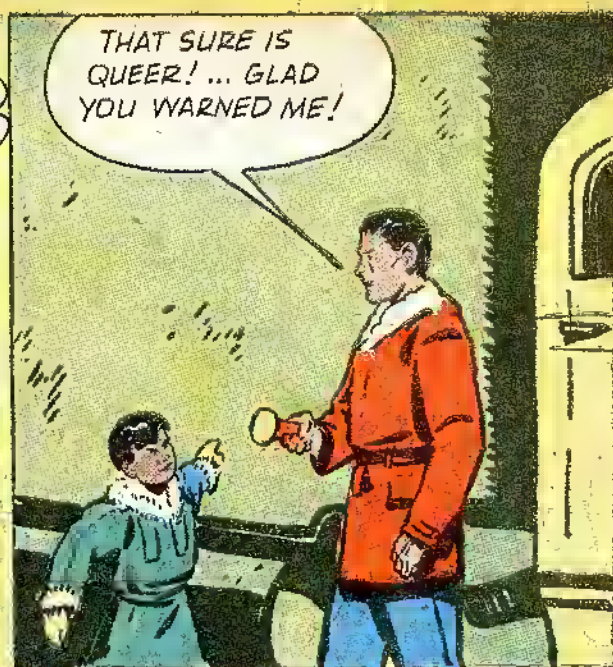
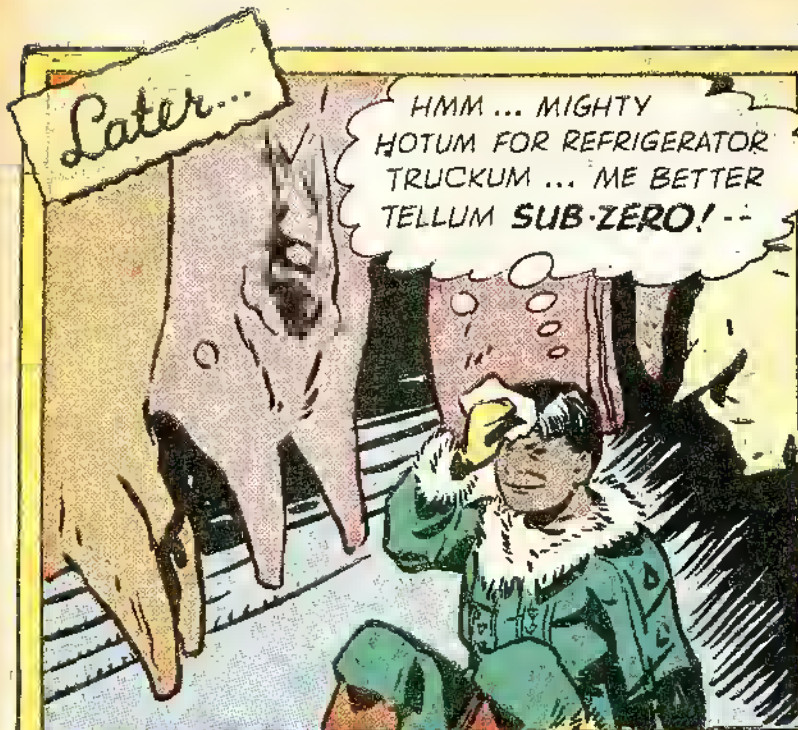
WE LIVE-UM ON DANGER, MR. THOMPSON!

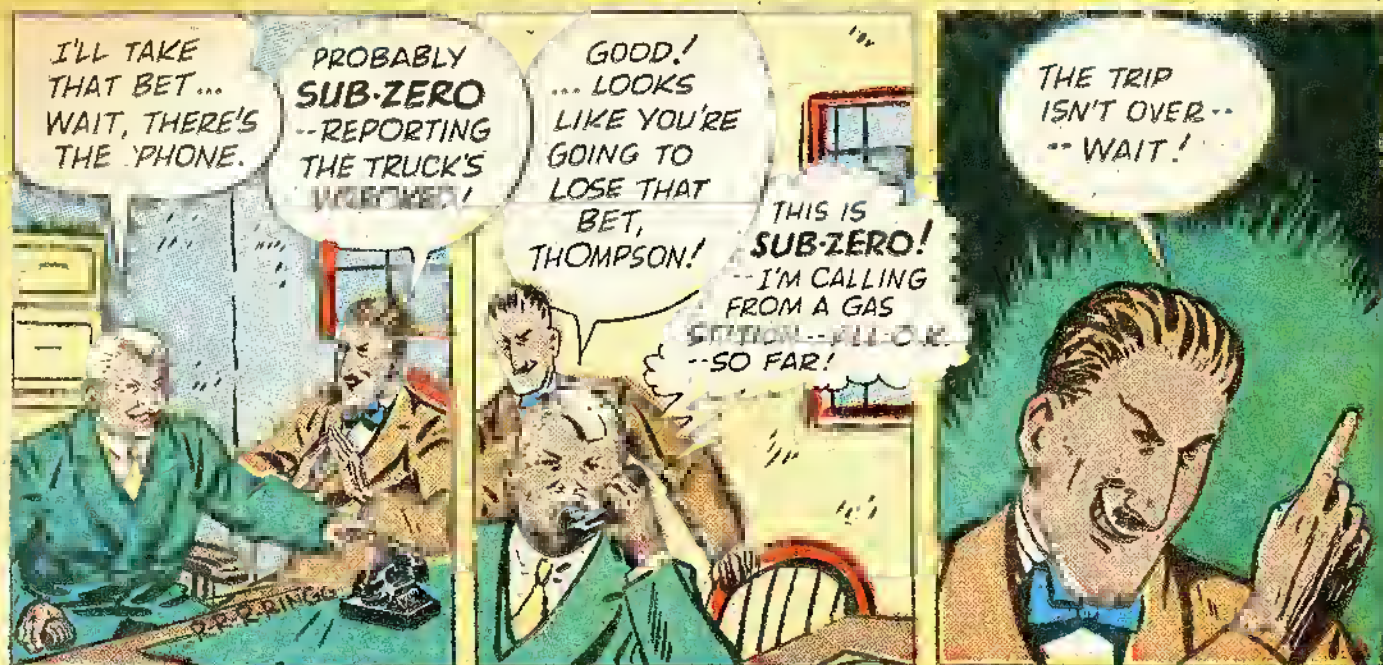
WATCH THAT CARGO -- IT'S FULL OF FRESH MEAT -- I'LL TAKE THE WHEEL!

TOO BADUM NO STOVE -- GET HUNGRY -- COOK NICE ROAST -- YUM, YUM!

THE TRIP STARTS... AHEAD LIE NIGHT... THE ROAD... AND MYSTERY!

HERE WE GO!





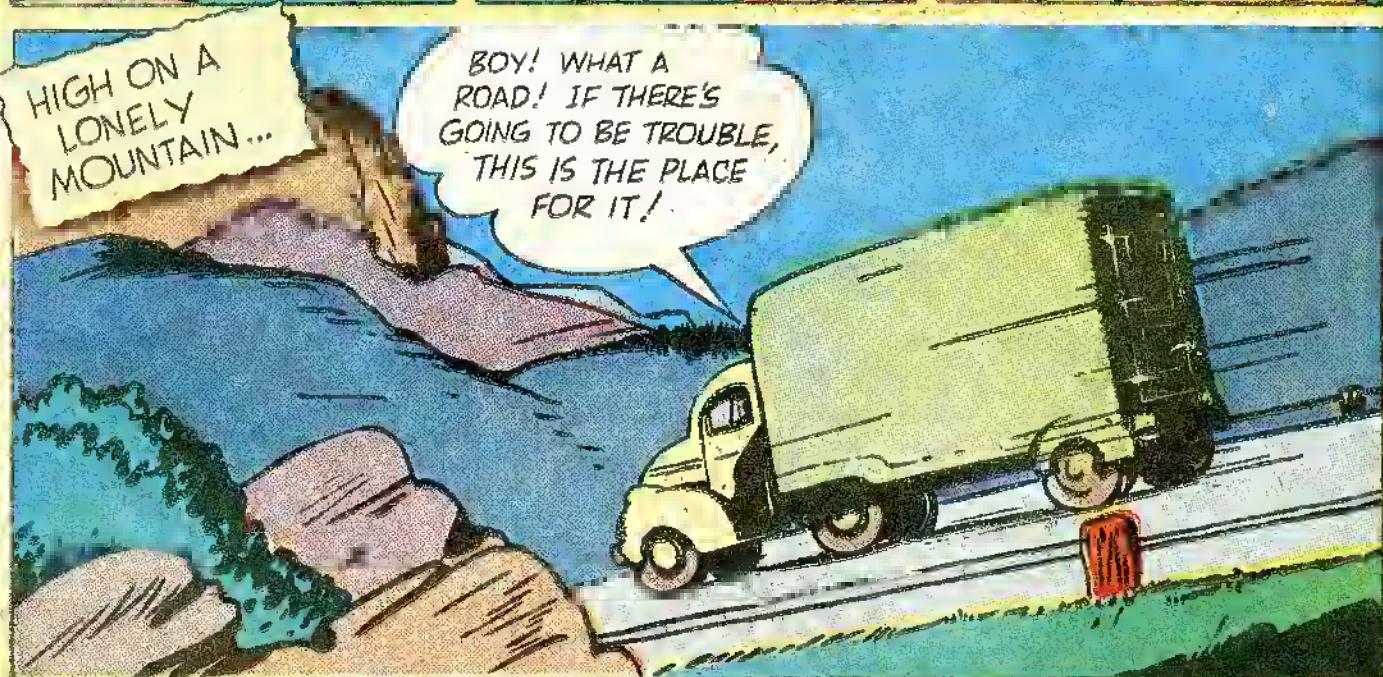
I'LL TAKE
THAT BET...
WAIT, THERE'S
THE 'PHONE.

PROBABLY
SUB-ZERO
--REPORTING
THE TRUCK'S
WHEREVER!

GOOD!
... LOOKS
LIKE YOU'RE
GOING TO
LOSE THAT
BET,
THOMPSON!

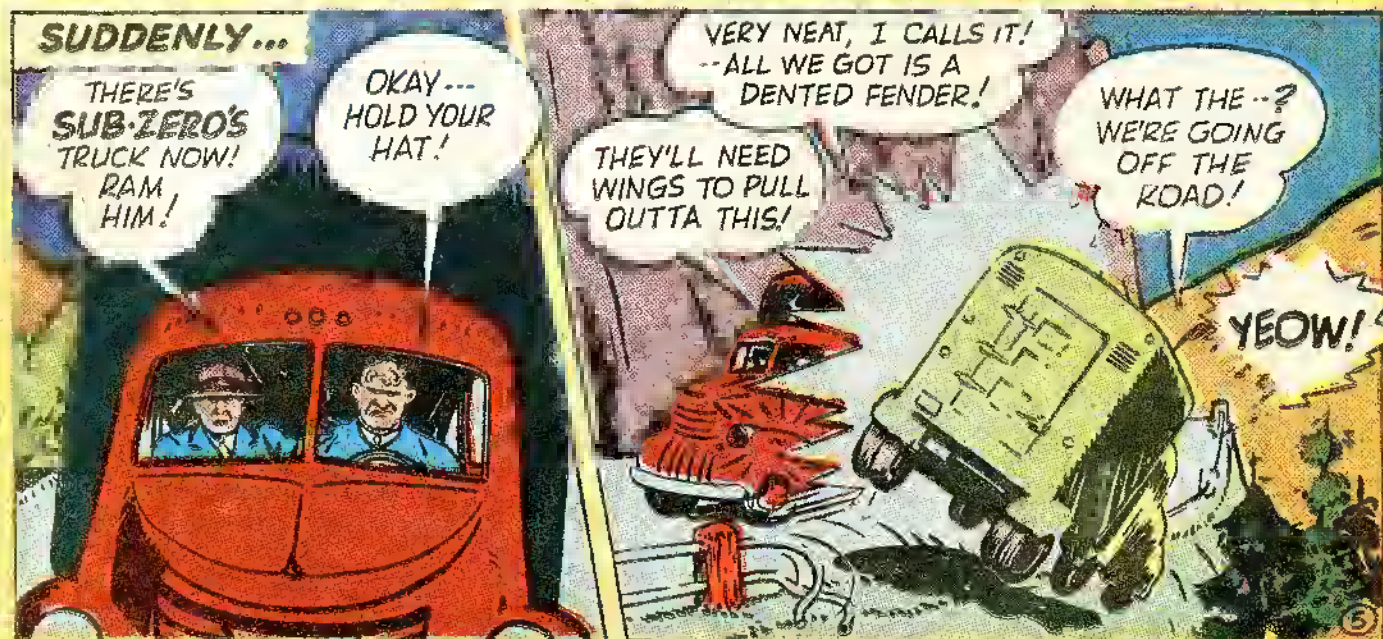
THIS IS
SUB-ZERO!
--I'M CALLING
FROM A GAS
STATION--ALL O.K.
--SO FAR!

THE TRIP
ISN'T OVER--
--WAIT!



HIGH ON A
LONELY
MOUNTAIN...

BOY! WHAT A
ROAD! IF THERE'S
GOING TO BE TROUBLE,
THIS IS THE PLACE
FOR IT!



SUDDENLY...

THERE'S
SUB-ZERO'S
TRUCK NOW!
RAM
HIM!

OKAY---
HOLD YOUR
HAT!

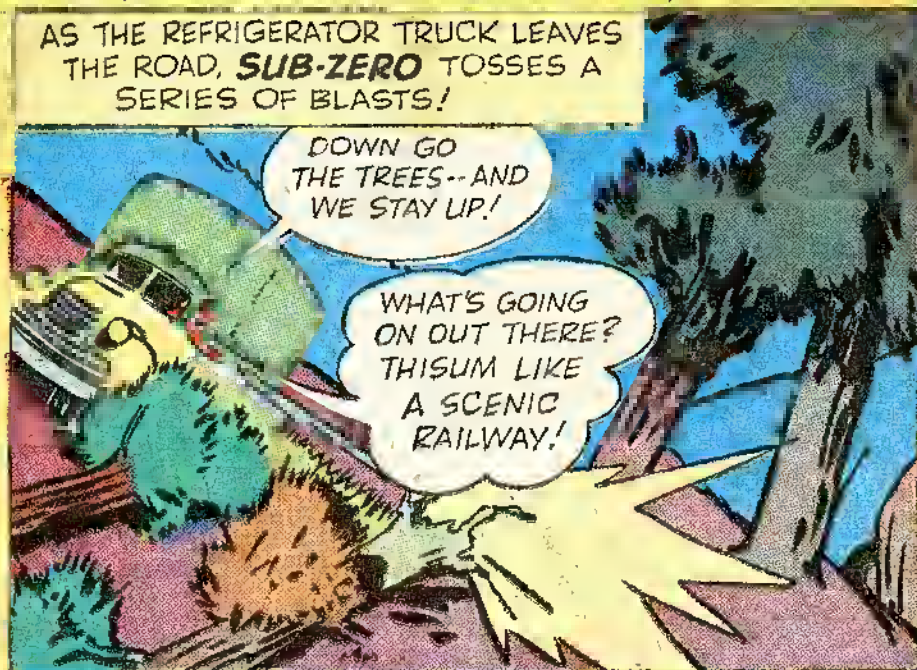
VERY NEAT, I CALLS IT!
--ALL WE GOT IS A
DENTED FENDER!

THEY'LL NEED
WINGS TO PULL
OUTTA THIS!

WHAT THE--?
WE'RE GOING
OFF THE
ROAD!

YEOW!

AS THE REFRIGERATOR TRUCK LEAVES THE ROAD, **SUB-ZERO** TOSSES A SERIES OF BLASTS!



DOWN GO THE TREES-- AND WE STAY UP!

WHAT'S GOING ON OUT THERE? THIS IS LIKE A SCENIC RAILWAY!

NOW TO CLEAR AWAY THE TREES GRADUALLY, SO WE CAN DESCEND SLOWLY TO THE VALLEY!



A BIT ROUGH, BUT IT WORKS!



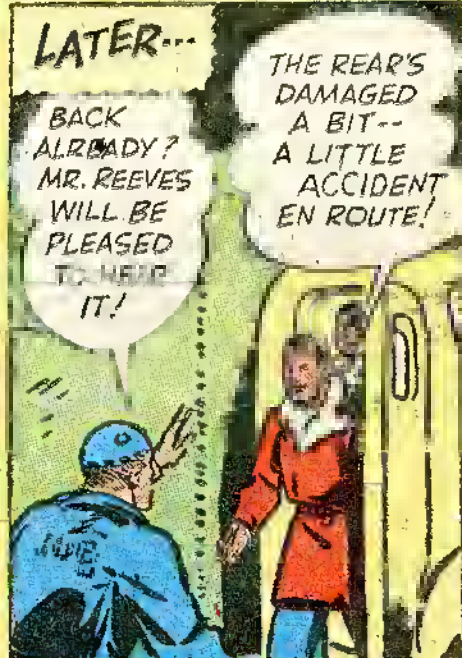
SAFE! NOW TO DELIVER THE LOAD AND RETURN TO THE GARAGE!



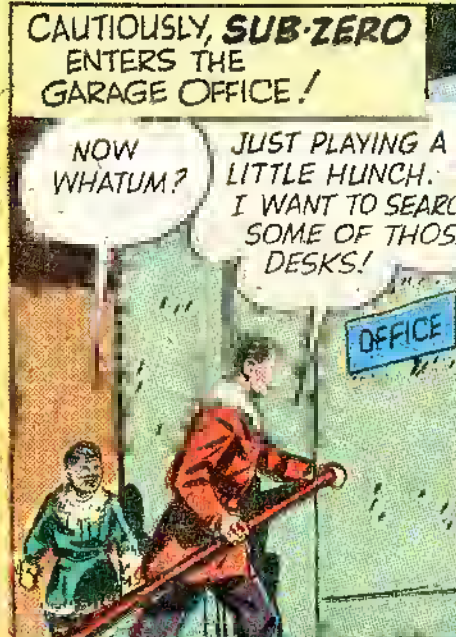
LATER...

BACK ALREADY? MR. REEVES WILL BE PLEASED TO HEAR IT!

THE REAR'S DAMAGED A BIT-- A LITTLE ACCIDENT EN ROUTE!



CAUTIOUSLY, **SUB-ZERO** ENTERS THE GARAGE OFFICE!



NOW WHATUM?

JUST PLAYING A LITTLE HUNCH. I WANT TO SEARCH SOME OF THOSE DESKS!

REMEMBER THAT BROKEN BLADE I FOUND ON THE TRUCK? THEY WERE MADE TO FIT THIS HACKSAW!

BUT WHOSE IS IT?



WHAT ARE YOU TWO SNOOPERS DOING AT MY DESK?

THANKS FOR TELLING US WHOSE DESK IT IS! ... NOW WE KNOW, THOMPSON, WHO'S BEEN DOUBLE-CROSSING REEVES!



SUDDENLY --- THOMPSON WHIPS OUT A BOMB -- AND THROWS IT!

YOU'LL NEVER GET ME!

YOU BLASTUM BOMB JUST IN TIME! --- **WOW!**

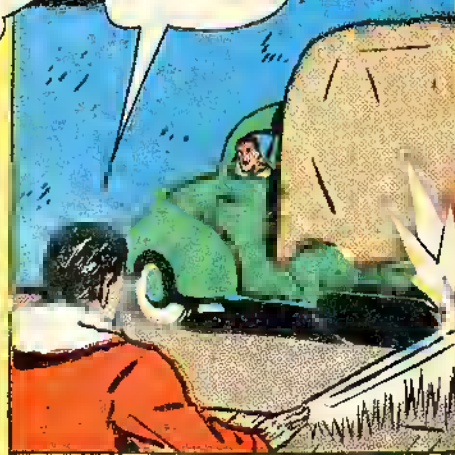


THOMPSON DARTS INTO THE GARAGE ...

THE ZIGZAGGING AMONG THESE TRUCKS MAKES IT HARD FOR THEM TO FREEZE ME -- BUT I CAN'T KEEP DODGING FOREVER!



HE'S BREEZING AWAY IN THAT TRUCK -- I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM -- WITHOUT DAMAGING THE TRUCK!



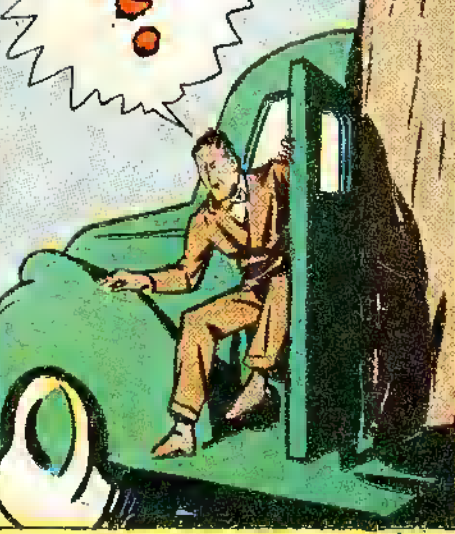
MAN-MADE ICE FORMS ON THE AXLE OF THE FLEEING TRUCK ... IT SLOWS DOWN!



I STOPPED THE TRUCK... NOW TO STOP THOMPSON!



?



THIS OUGHT TO PUT THE BRAKES ON YOU!



I-I'LL TALK! THE CORNWELL CROWD BRIBED ME TO SABOTAGE OUR TRUCKS!



YOU'RE GOING TO PUT THIS DOWN IN BLACK AND WHITE FOR THE D.A.'S OFFICE!

LATER...

THOMPSON AND THE CORNWELL MOB ARE IN THE JUG -- AND I'VE STILL GOT MY CONTRACT, THANKS TO YOU BOYS!

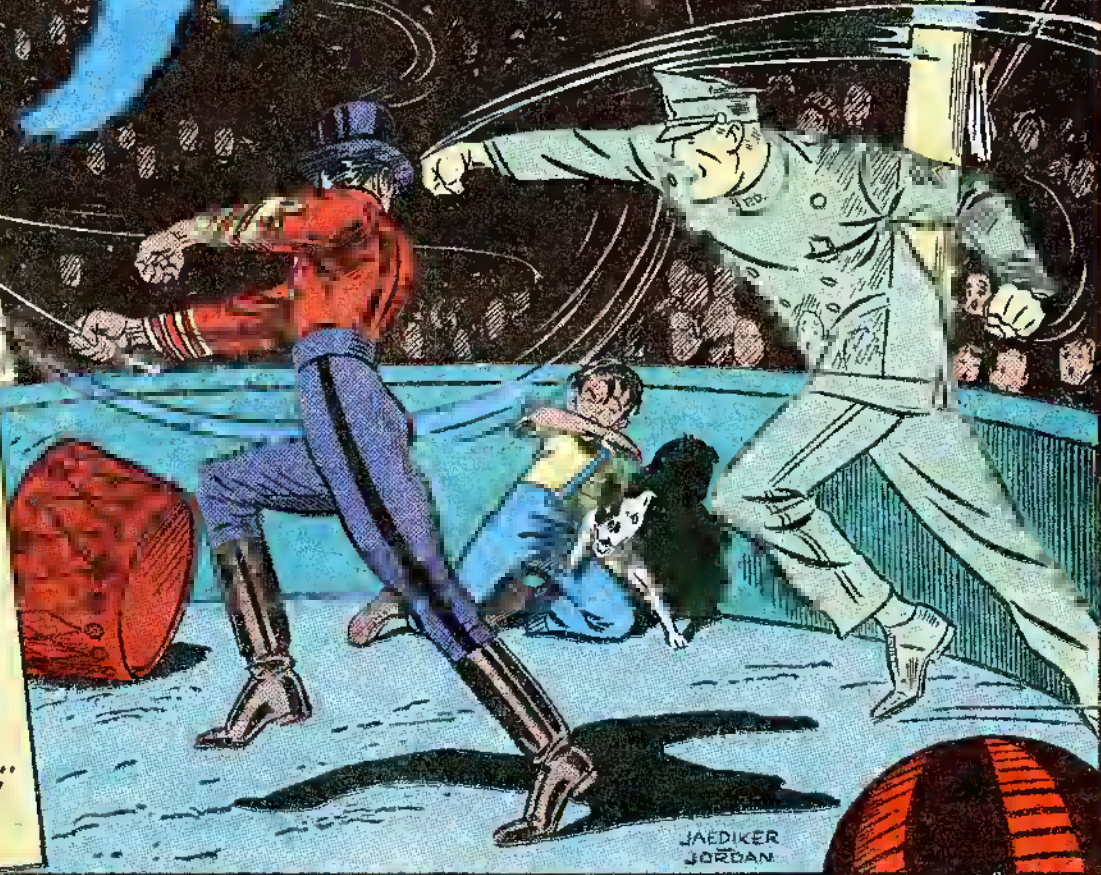


IT WAS A PLEASURE!

SUB-ZERO AND HIS LITTLE FRIEND, **FREEZUM**, CHILL A NEW CRIME IN ANOTHER ICY ADVENTURE NEXT MONTH!

Sergeant Spook

SERGEANT SPOOK AND JERRY CALLED THE PUP "BOZO" -BUT HIS NAME, AS THEY DISCOVERED, SHOULD HAVE BEEN "TROUBLE"... -BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT HE STARTED... AND PLENTY OF IT!



JAEDIKER JORDAN

BOY MEETS DOG!...

WHAT THE...? A MUTT!

ARF!
ARF!
ARF!

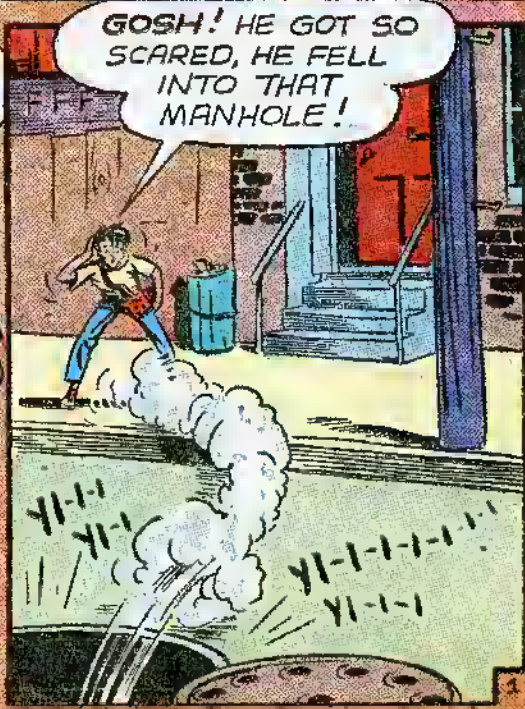


SCRAM, PEST!

UURP!



GOSH! HE GOT SO SCARED, HE FELL INTO THAT MANHOLE!



HE AIN'T HURT, ANY-
WAY... BUT, HOW AM I
GONNA GET HIM OUT?

WHAT'S THE
MATTER,
JERRY?

UR-RP!
URP!!
URP!

HI-YE SARGE!...I
NEED HELP! A MUTT
FELL INTO THIS HOLE,
AND...

DON'T WORRY,
I'LL GET HIM!

A BIG VOICE
FOR A
PUP!

URP!
URP!
URP!

HE DOESN'T SEE ME!
HE'S LOOKING
FOR JERRY!

WOOF!

LOOK AT HIM
WAG HIS TAIL!

HE'S HAPPY!
C'MERE MUTT...

T'ANKS SPOOK...
I'LL CALL HIM BOZO...
THAT FITS HIM!

AND FEED HIM!
LOOKS AS IF HE
HASN'T EATEN
IN WEEKS!

AT
JERRY'S
HOME.

HELLO, MA! PIPE BOZO!

MORE TROUBLE!...
ANOTHER MOUTH
TO FEED...!

AW, MA... LEMME
KEEP HIM... I'LL
SELL PAPERS
AFTER SCHOOL
TO FEED HIM!

WELL...
ALL RIGHT...

HOORAY!
ISN'T SHE A
GREAT MOM,
BOZO?

WOOF!
WOOF!

JERRY OPENS A SMALL NEWSSTAND..

OKAY, BOZO.. DO YOUR STUFF!

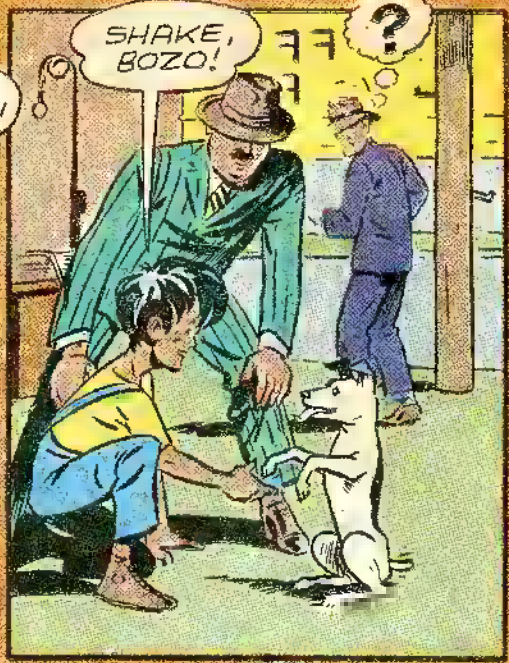
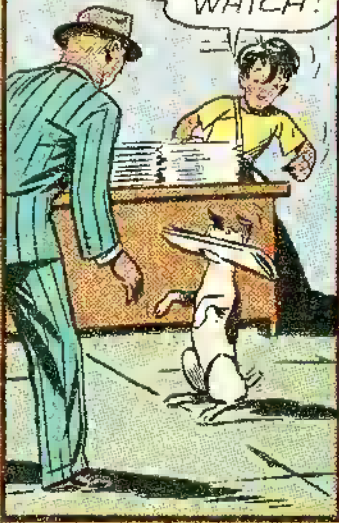
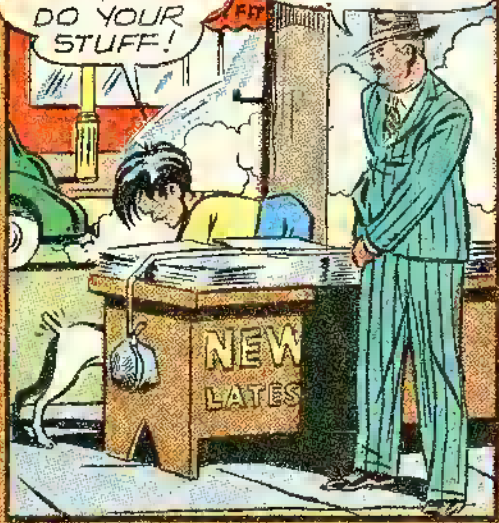
BOY.. LET'S HAVE A CHRONICLE!

WELL... PRETTY SMART PUP!

YEAH- HE LOINS FAST! WATCH!

SHAKE, BOZO!

?? ?



NOW... OVER!

I COULD USE A PUP LIKE THAT... IN MY ACT!

MY NAME'S MARKELL.. I WANT THAT DOG.. GIVE YOU TEN BUCKS FOR HIM!

NOT FOR A MILLION! SORRY, MISTER..

GR-R-R

WELL, IF YOU WON'T SELL HIM... I'LL TAKE HIM, ANYHOW...

HEY!

E-EUP!!



MARKELL FLEES, BUT...

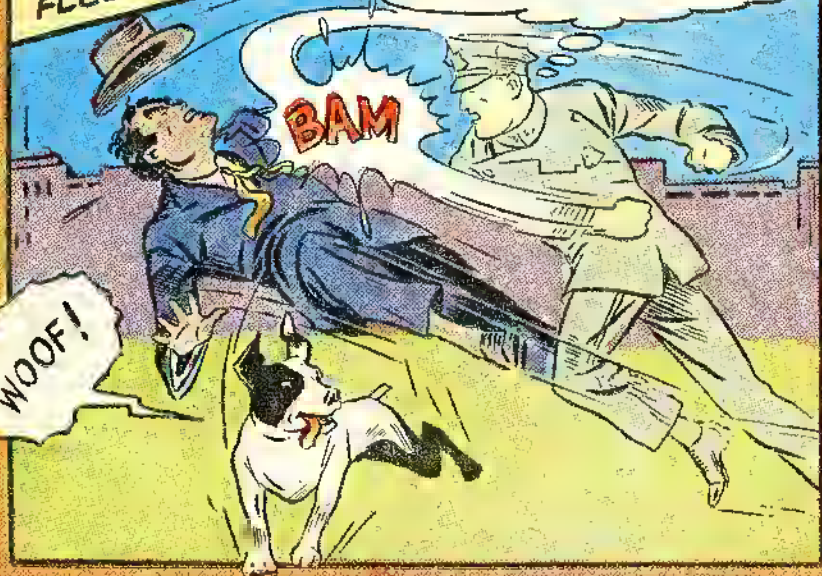
I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING MUCH LOWER THAN A DOG THIEF!

WHAT HIT ME? I BETTER SCRAM!

BOY... I THOUGHT I WAS GONNA LOSE HIM FER GOOD..

WOOF!

BAM



THERE ARE OTHER
WAYS OF SKINNING
A CAT-- OR
SWIPING A DOG!

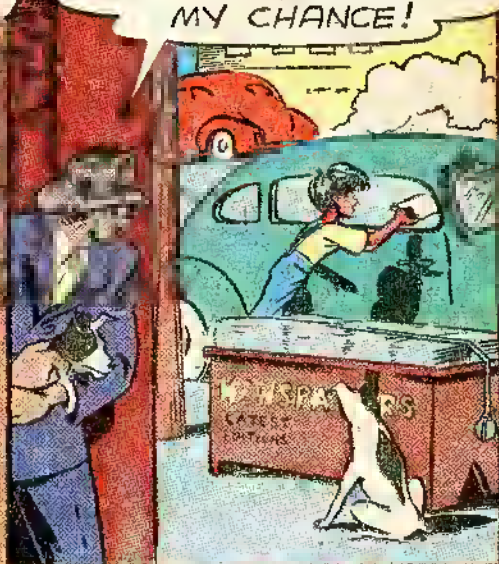


LATER...

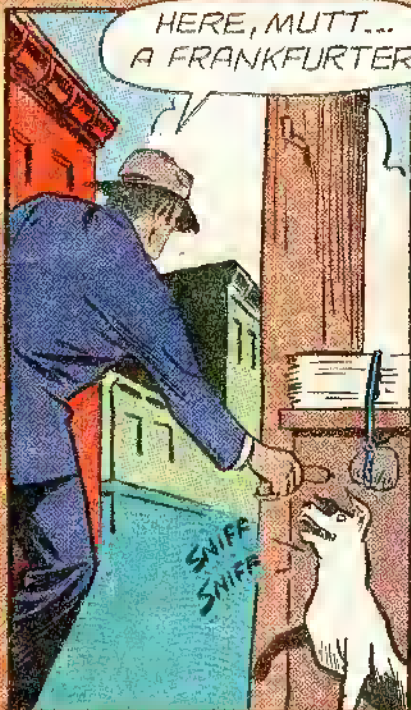
THIS ONE
IS ABOUT THE SAME
SIZE... BUT WHITE! A
LITTLE PAINT OUGHT
TO FIX THAT!



THE KID'S GONE OVER
TO THAT CAR... NOW'S
MY CHANCE!



HERE, MUTT...
A FRANKFURTER!



GOT YOU... NOW TO
LEAVE THE
OTHER MUTT!



DAT MAN! HEY!
DROP DAT
DOG!



WITH
PLEASURE--

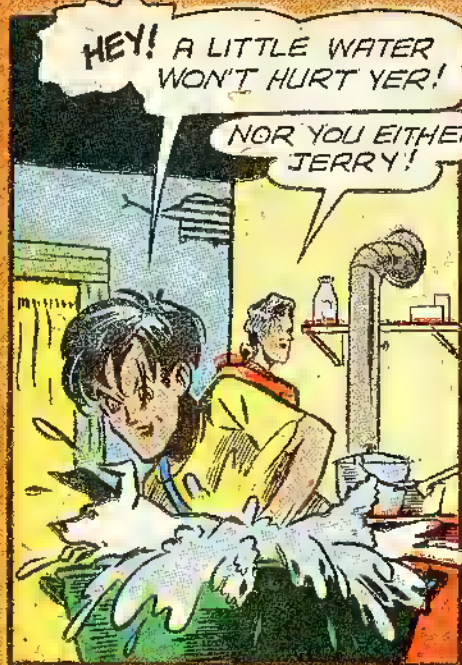
URP!
URP!

HE GOT AWAY!... BUT,
HE DIDN'T GET
YOU, BOZO!



WHAT'S A MATTER? -NO PEP!
MAYBE A NICE BATH'LL
SNAP YOU OUT OF IT!





HEY! A LITTLE WATER WON'T HURT YER!

NOR YOU EITHER, JERRY!



MOM! PAINT! THIS AIN'T BOZO!

SOME ONE TRICKED YOU... PROBABLY THE MAN WHO TRIED TO BUY HIM!



MEANWHILE... THE CIRCUS THAT EMPLOYS MARKELL, LEAVES TOWN.

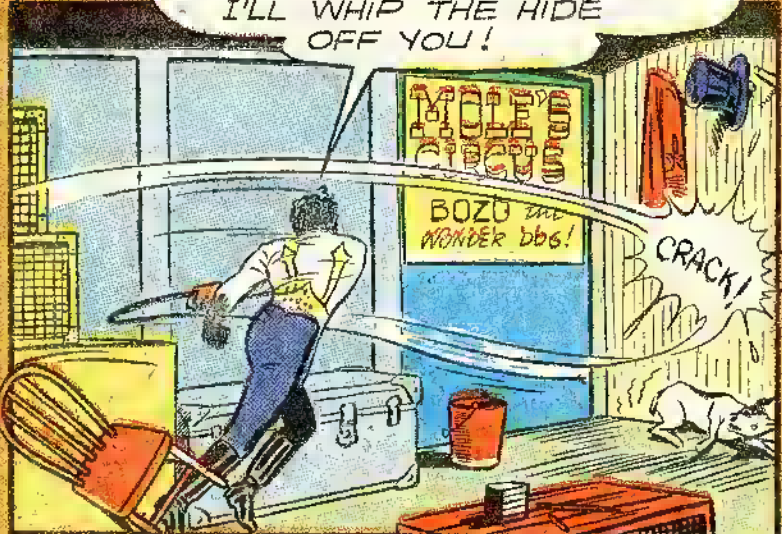
IF YOU DON'T OBEY ME, BOZO, YOUR NAME'LL BE MUD!

GR-R-R WOOF!!



IT'S A DOG'S LIFE FOR BOZO!

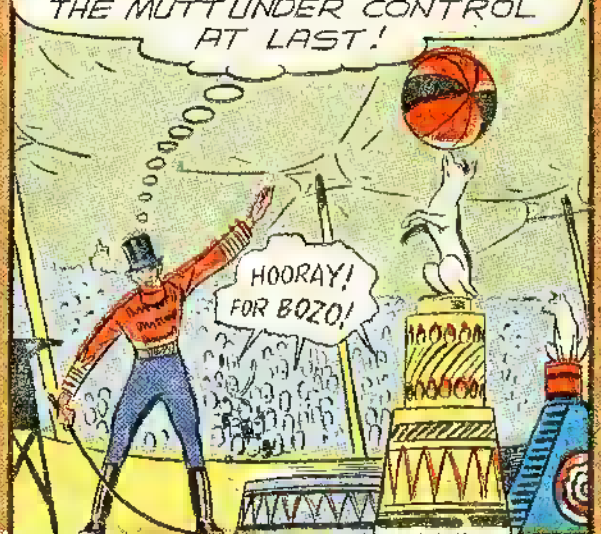
YOU'LL DO WHAT I TELL YOU, OR I'LL WHIP THE HIDE OFF YOU!



CRACK!

THE SHOW OPENS IN A SUBURB.

AH! LOOKS LIKE I'VE GOT THE MUTT UNDER CONTROL AT LAST!

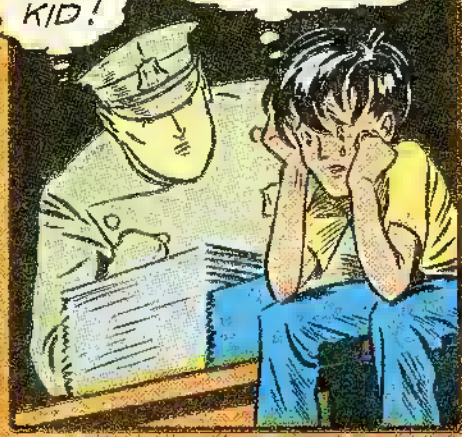


HOORAY! FOR BOZO!

MEANWHILE.

SNIFF! SNIFF! ...JUST WHEN BOZO WAS GETTIN' TO UNDERSTAND ME...SNIFF!

POOR KID!



BRACE UP! MAYBE YOU'LL FIND A CLUE TO MARKELL IN ONE OF YOUR PAPERS!

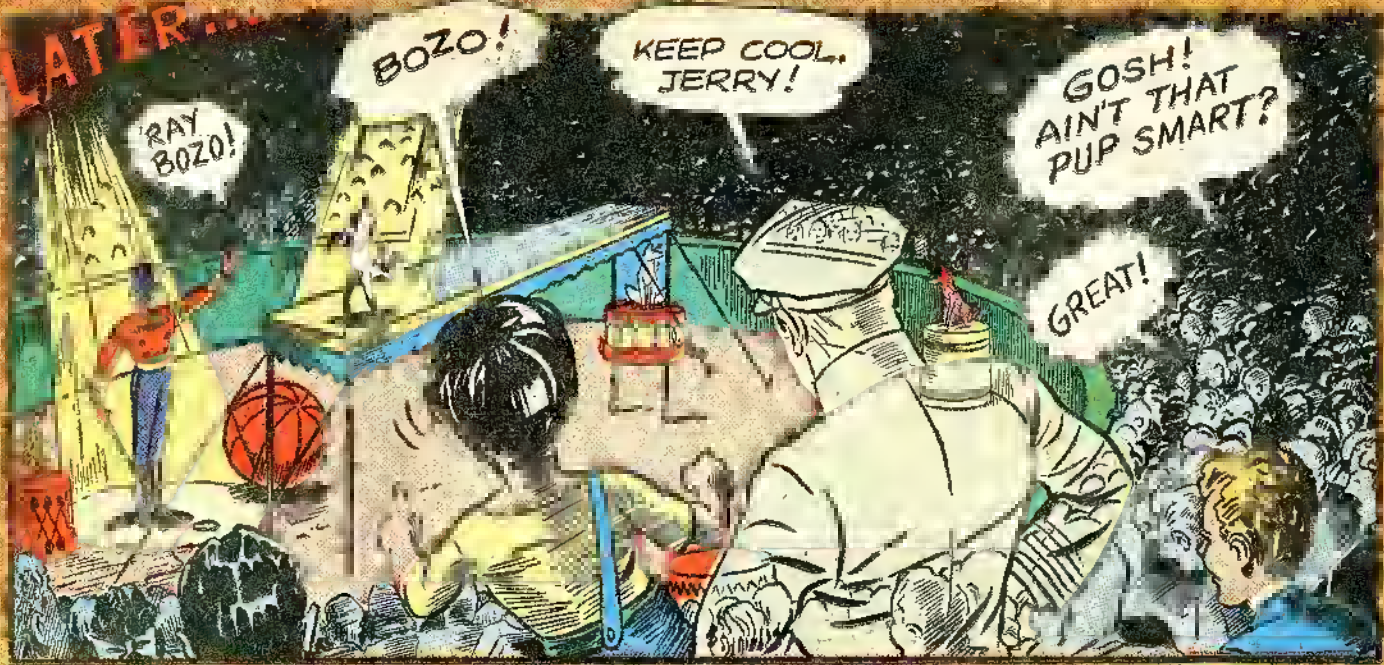
SPOOK!



THERE'S YOUR CLUE, KID... LET'S GO!



LATER...



RAY BOZO!

BOZO!

KEEP COOL, JERRY!

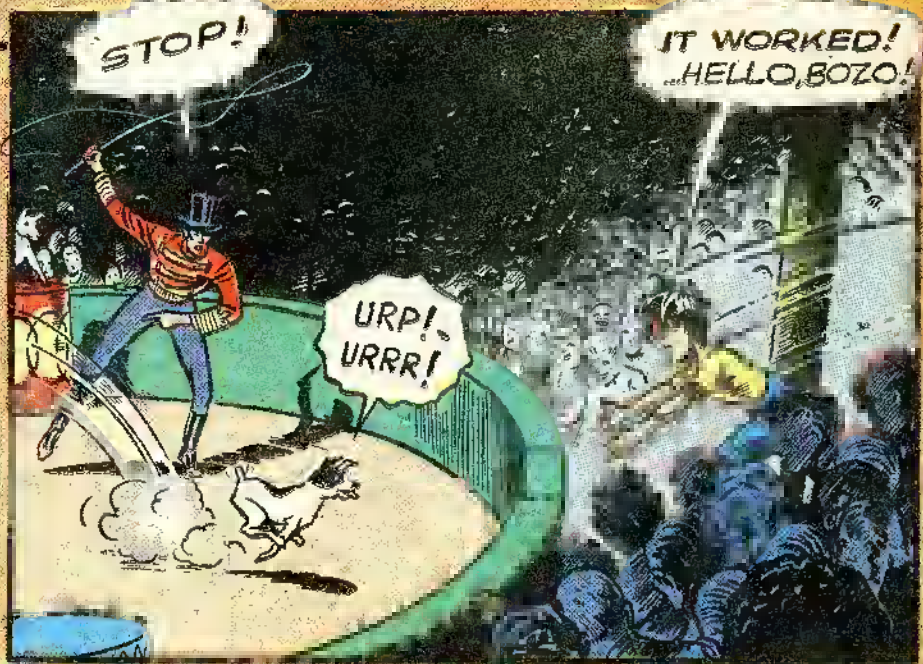
GOSH! AIN'T THAT PUP SMART?

GREAT!

THE OLE SIGNAL OUGHTA GET HIM...



TWEET



STOP!

IT WORKED! ...HELLO, BOZO!

URP! URRR!

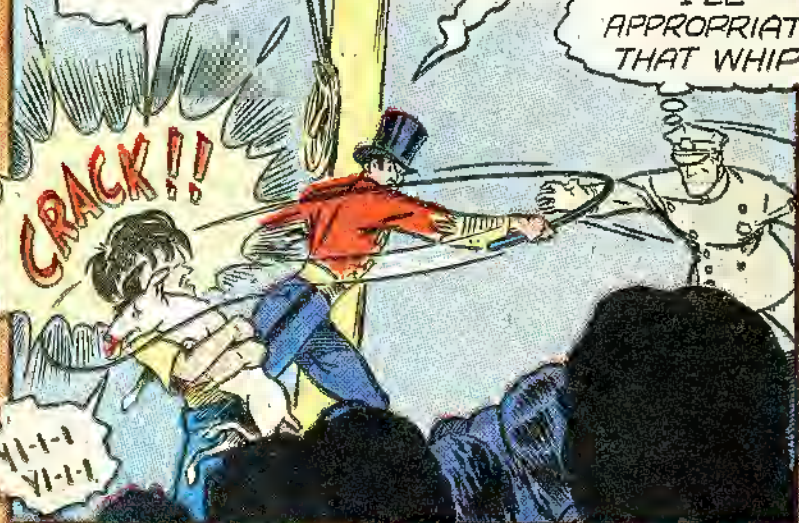
HE'S MINE... WOW!

GIMME THAT DOG!

I'LL APPROPRIATE THAT WHIP!

MY WHIP... IT'S LEAVING MY HAND!

THAT'S ONE TRICK NO CIRCUS CAN DO! IF HE ONLY KNEW ABOUT THE SPOOK!



CRACK!!



YI-I-I
YI-I-I

A FLESH-AND-BLOOD MINION
OF THE LAW APPEARS!

HE STOLE
MY DOG!

HE'S TRYING TO
STEAL MINE!

BREAK
IT UP...
THERE'S ONLY
ONE PLACE
TO SETTLE
THIS... IN
COURT!

IN
COURT...

...WE'LL LET THE
DOG DECIDE WHO
HIS MASTER IS...

OKAY
BY ME!

?

HERE,
BOZO!

COME TO ME,
BOZO...COME,
I SAY...

BOZO HAS DECIDED...
HE BELONGS TO JERRY!
THAT IS ALSO THE DECISION
OF THIS COURT!

A
SECOND
SOLOMON!

-AS FOR YOU, MARKELL...
30 DAYS IN THE COUNTY JAIL
FOR STEALING THE DOG!

I
PROTEST!

C'MON,
BUM!

... AND THAT, DEAR
READER, IS THE END
OF OUR TALE!

...BUT NOT BOZO'S
TAIL...LOOK AT
IT WAG!

WOOF!

SERGEANT
SPOOK
RETURNS
IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF
BLUE BOLT

TO SLAP DOWN
ANOTHER
CRIMINAL
WHO
TRIES
TO BEAT
THE
LAW!

KRISKO and JASPER

KRISKO AND JASPER HAVE BEEN BLOWN OUT OF THE SKIES FROM AN AIRPLANE INTO THE OCEAN, AND ARE NOW WASHED UP ONTO A SMALL ISLAND

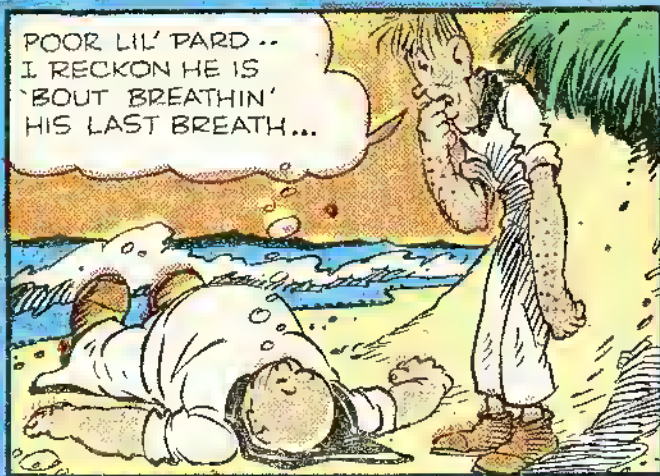


HA-HA!

HA!
HA!
HA!

W-WAKE UP,
PARD! W-WE
AIN'T ALONE!

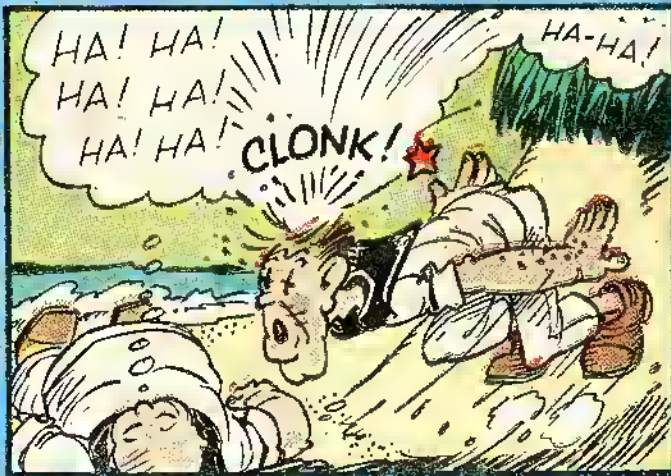
POOR LIL' PARD...
I RECKON HE IS
'BOUT BREATHIN'
HIS LAST BREATH...



HA! HA!
HA! HA!
HA! HA!

CLONK!

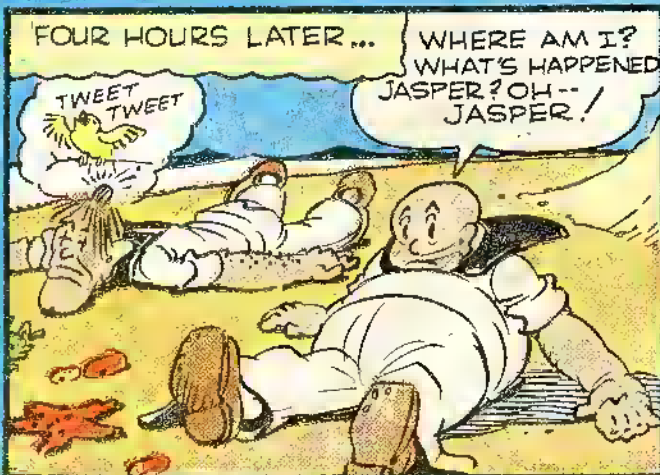
HA-HA!



FOUR HOURS LATER...

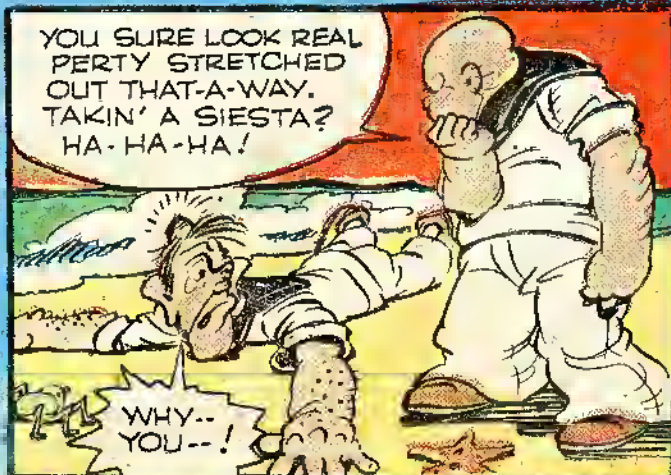
WHERE AM I?
WHAT'S HAPPENED
JASPER? OH--
JASPER!

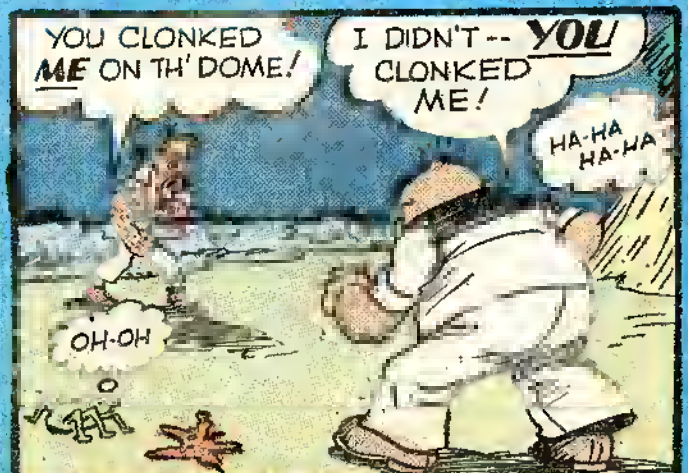
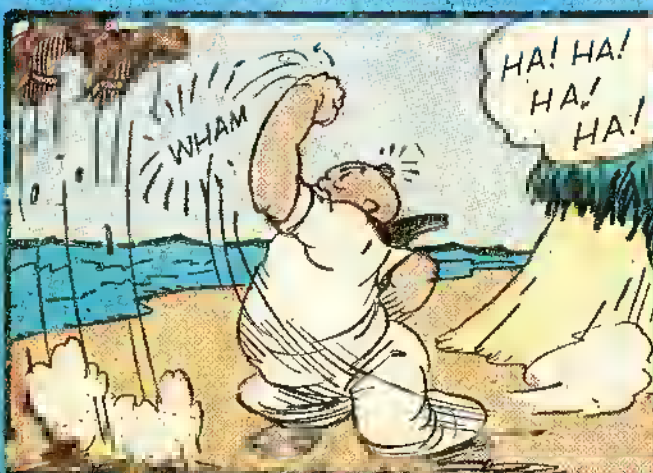
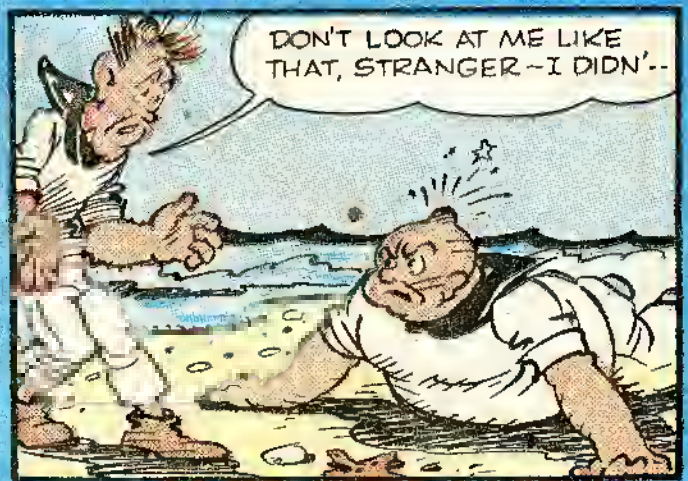
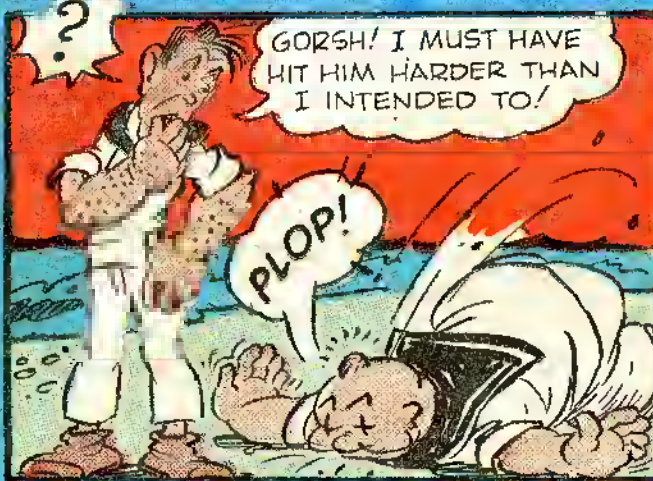
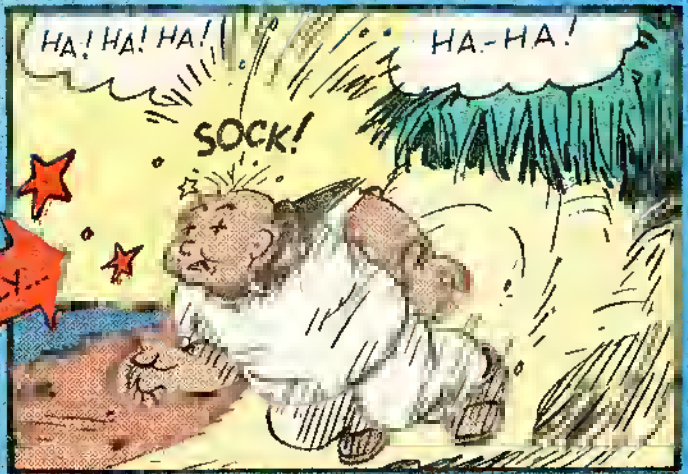
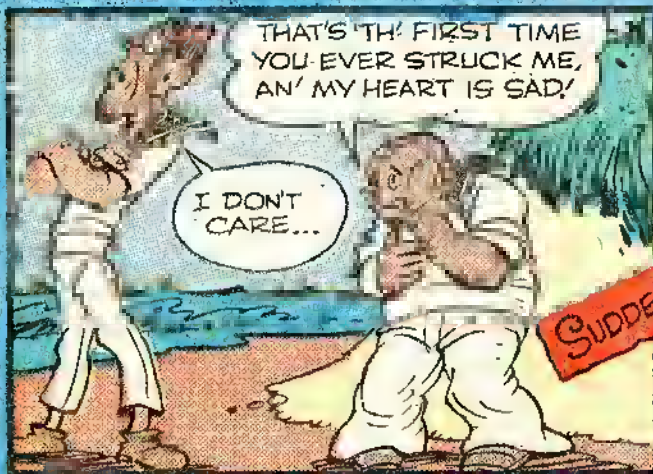
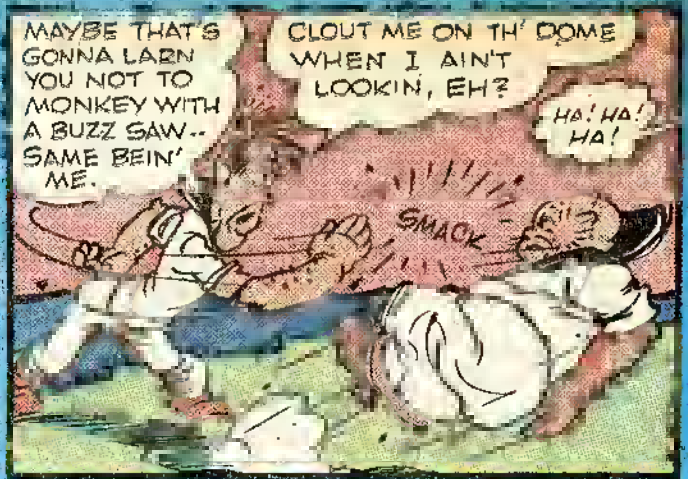
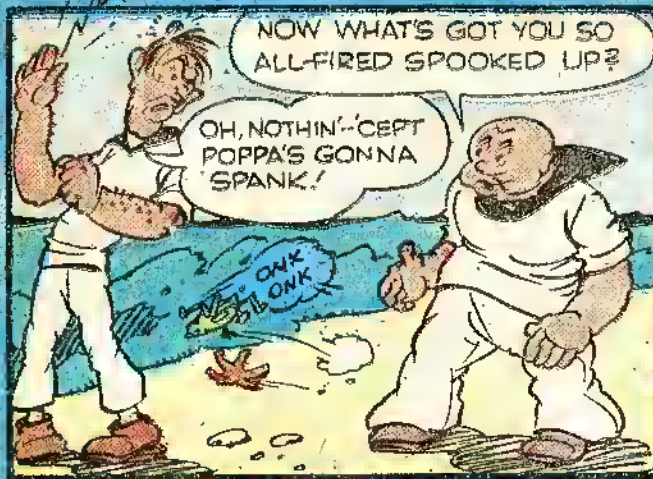
TWEET
TWEET

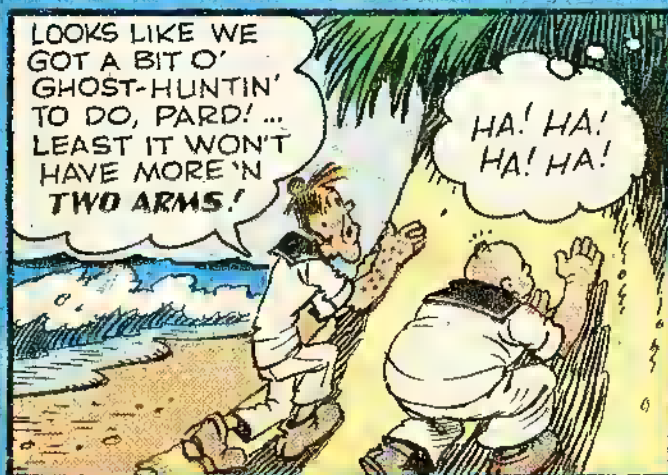
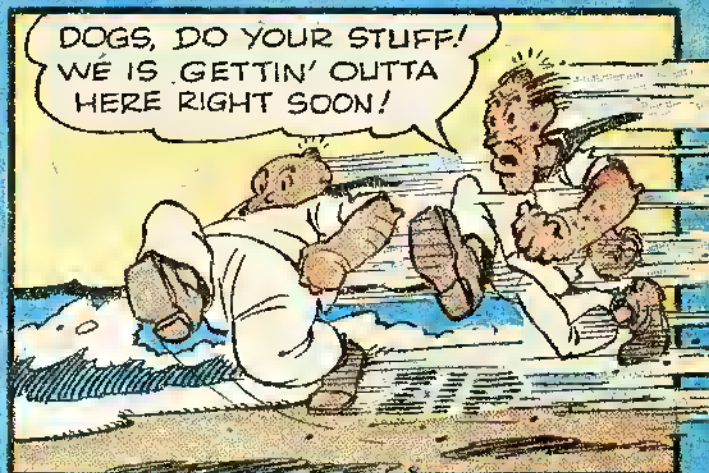
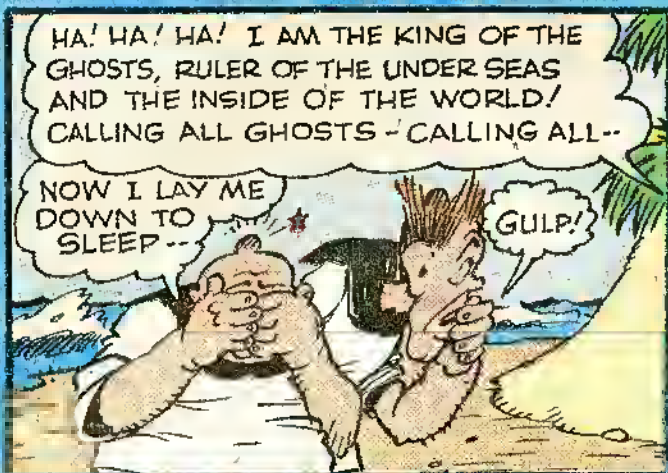
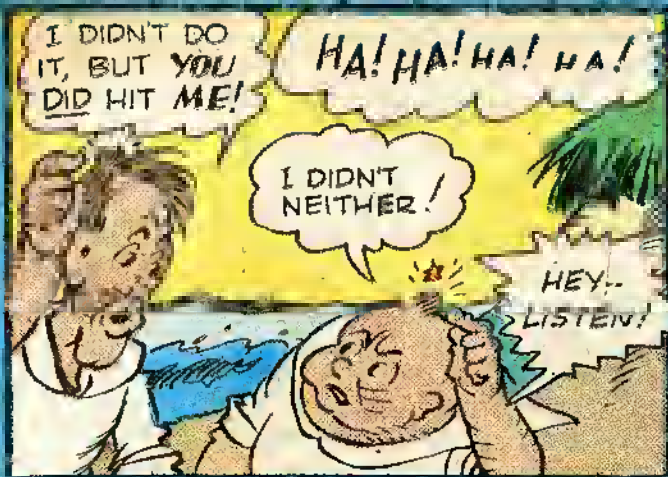


YOU SURE LOOK REAL
PERTY STRETCHED
OUT THAT-A-WAY.
TAKIN' A SIESTA?
HA-HA-HA!

WHY..
YOU--!

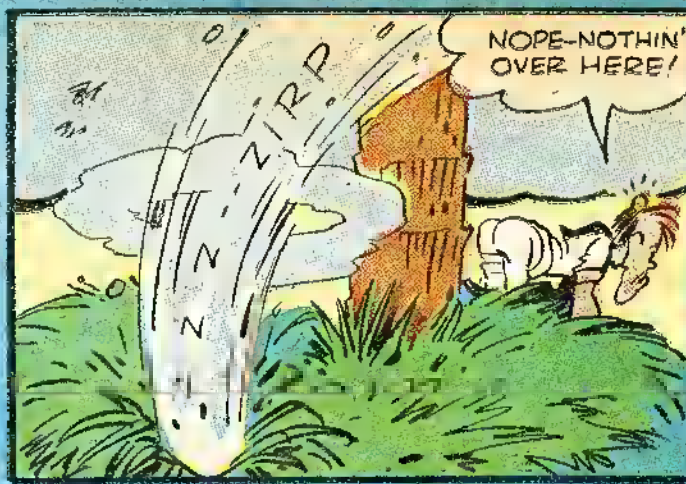








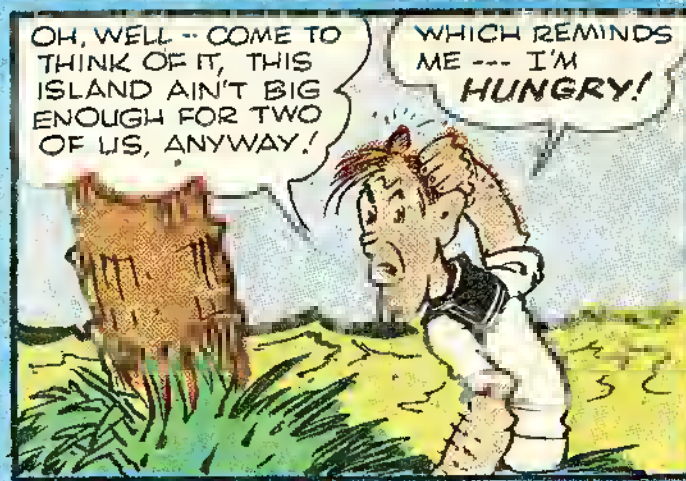
I THOUGHT I HEARD THAT VOICE OVER HERE -- YOU LOOK THAT SIDE, AN' I'LL ---



NOPE-NOTHIN' OVER HERE!

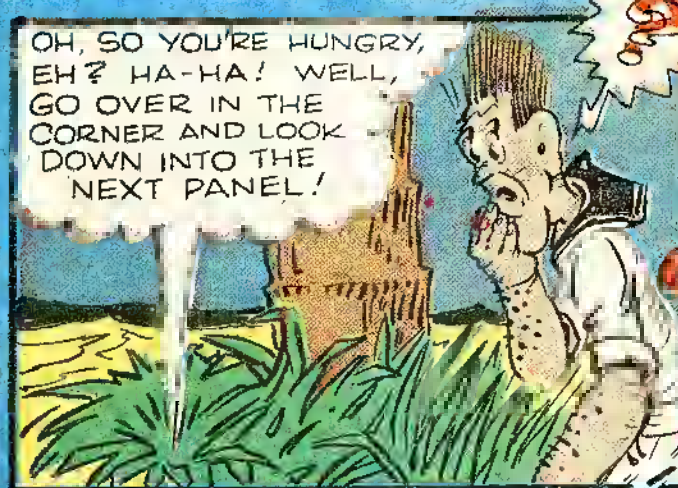


THAT'S FUNNY -- HE'S GONE! HE WAS STANDIN' RIGHT THERE -- LIL' RASCAL -- HE'S TRYIN' TO SCARE ME --- HUMPH? I AM SCARED!

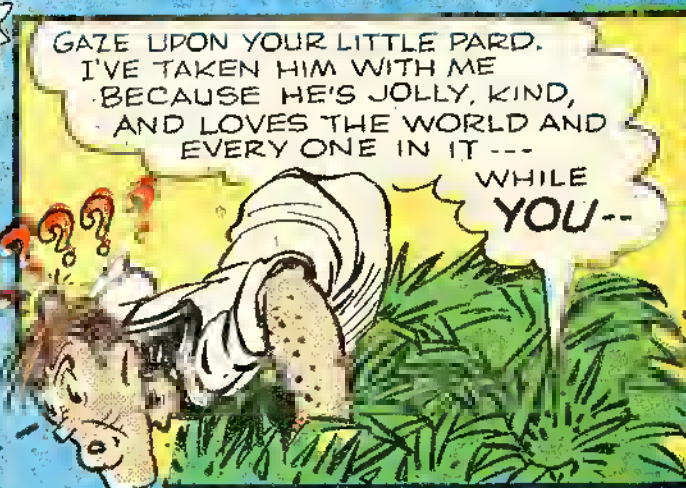


OH, WELL -- COME TO THINK OF IT, THIS ISLAND AIN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR TWO OF US, ANYWAY!

WHICH REMINDS ME --- I'M **HUNGRY!**

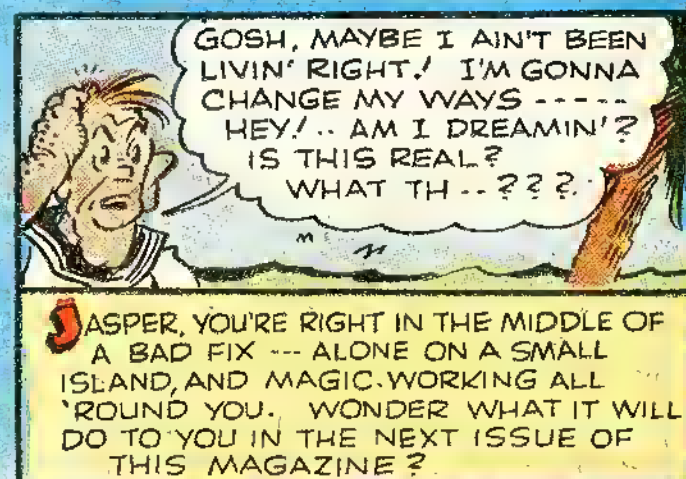
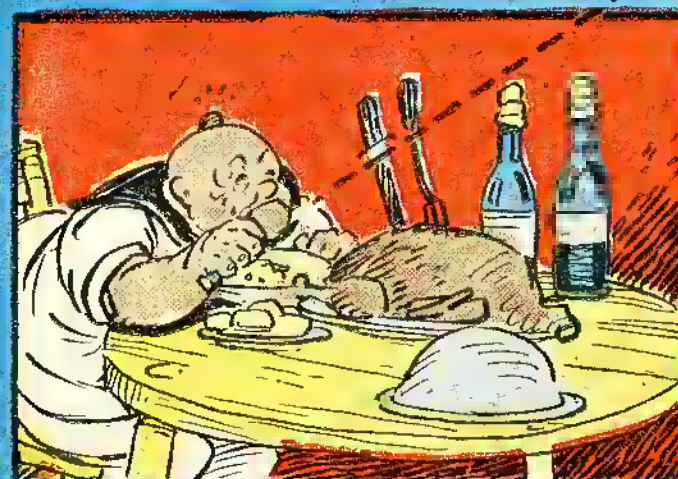


OH, SO YOU'RE HUNGRY, EH? HA-HA! WELL, GO OVER IN THE CORNER AND LOOK DOWN INTO THE NEXT PANEL!



GAZE UPON YOUR LITTLE PARD. I'VE TAKEN HIM WITH ME BECAUSE HE'S JOLLY, KIND, AND LOVES THE WORLD AND EVERY ONE IN IT ---

WHILE **YOU--**



GOSH, MAYBE I AIN'T BEEN LIVIN' RIGHT! I'M GONNA CHANGE MY WAYS ----- HEY!.. AM I DREAMIN'? IS THIS REAL? WHAT TH -- ????

JASPER, YOU'RE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF A BAD FIX -- ALONE ON A SMALL ISLAND, AND MAGIC WORKING ALL 'ROUND YOU. WONDER WHAT IT WILL DO TO YOU IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE?

CHRISTOPHE

THE BLACK EMPEROR OF HAITI

BY EUGENE L. POLLOCK

A little more than a hundred years ago, after the black slaves of the West Indian island of Haiti had beaten off their French masters, a colored general named Christophe (pronounce it Kris-toe-fay) set up a kingdom



in the northern part of the country. Christophe was a stern and excellent general who had taken part in the revolution and helped to defeat the French army. Everyone feared him, as he punished with death those who disobeyed him.

One well-known story is about the building of his famous Citadel, or fort, at the top of a cliff. As there were no wagons to haul the heavy stones and the cannon up the steep mountain, the work had to be done by men. Ropes were tied about their waists and they hauled the huge pieces to the very top. One day a very heavy stone was given to the men. They pulled and pulled and could move it only a few feet at a time. Watching was Emperor Christophe, who ordered the men whipped to make them pull harder. When that didn't help, Christophe told every third man to step out of line. Thinking that the Emperor was going to give them a rest they stepped out cheerfully. Christophe called his soldiers and ordered them to shoot the men! Then he told the others that the same thing would happen to them if they didn't haul the stone faster than before! The rest used superhuman strength and finally pulled up the stone.

The Emperor formed a court made up of nobles who couldn't even write their own names. As a joke he gave them the oddest kind of names. There were the Duke and Duchess of Raspberry, the Earl of Watermelon, Baron Pumpernickel, the Count of Strawberry, Baron Tomato and many others with names that made any foreigner laugh to hear them called out at court.

One day a visitor from England was shown the Haitian Army. He saw troop after troop of soldiers march around from the back of the Emperor's palace past the reviewing stand and return. This went on for several hours and the visitor was amazed to see so many well-trained soldiers in such a little country. Each troop had a different uniform and that was where the mystery lay, for as soon as the soldiers reached the back of the palace, they changed uniforms and marched out again, making the visitor think he was watching a huge army.



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TERROR IN THE GRASS

By SPILLANE

JOE MARTIN HAD BEEN out hunting insects for his biology collection all morning, and he was dead tired. Dropping his net and bottle to the ground, he flopped down beside it and rolled over on his back. He thought over the assortment of beetles, butterflies, and spiders, and mentally figured out the way they would lie on the specimen table.

Very idly he plucked pieces of grass and bit their ends off, then reached out for another. He did not notice the little clump of white flowers that grew near by, and automatically reached his hand into their midst and pulled one up. Joe bit the end off and chewed on the stem.

His eyes popped open with surprise, for a remarkable change was coming over him—he was growing smaller, clothes and all! Struck dumb with astonishment, he couldn't utter a word, but merely watched the fields about him growing into forests of fern and grass. He scrambled to his feet and clutched at a log. But it wasn't a log, it was the handle of his butterfly net!

It got bigger and bigger until he could no longer hold on, and he slid to the ground. Looking around in fright, he almost passed out. He was standing beside his collection bottle, but no longer was it filled with harmless insects. Instead, it contained a hoard of primitive jungle beasts. Their bony, plated eyes glared out at him, while huge jaws

opened in anger. He let out a groan. What could have caused *this*? Then he remembered, that flower, *that* was it!

Not daring to remain in the grass where the horrible beasts lurked, he lit out for a spot that he knew was open dirt. That spot was by the stone he had often used for home plate when they played baseball.

Ordinarily it was a few steps from where he lay down, but now he traveled for what seemed hours without seeing it. A horrible dragonfly swooped down and eyed him hungrily. Its many eyes flashed, and its tail twitched. The thing crouched to spring, but Joe ducked under a rock. A moment later and he would have been a meal!

HE WAS SHAKEN with fright, for all around him were enormous, evil-looking monsters intent upon eating him. Slowly he crawled from his hiding place—right into the face of a black beetle. The huge pincers ground with a sickening crunch, and advanced on him! Never did he run so fast before. He darted through the grass, tripping over tangled vines and tearing his clothes on their thorny projections. It gradually dawned on him that he was lost.

Fortunately, being a scout, he knew that the only way out lay in climbing a tree to determine his position, so he chose the tallest stem he could see. Up he

It was goldenrod weed, but it suited his purpose. There it was! The open patch he was looking for. Joe slid down slowly, hanging on tightly to the "trunk". There was a grunt beside him, and he turned to stare into a pair of hideous, glaring eyes! A tentacle was thrown around him, and try as he might, he was dragged slowly into the jaws of a devil-bug.

Somehow, he freed an arm and snatched out his pocket knife. His biology training stood him in good stead. He remembered that the antennae of the insects were their weak spots, and without them they were helpless. The toothless mouth opened to devour him when the blade whipped out.

Two strokes and the antennae were off! The tentacle unwound and Joe jumped back, but his foot slipped, and he plunged toward the earth. He came up with a jerk, dangling in midair. In his fall he was hooked by his belt to one of the thorns; another inch and he would have been impaled upon that giant pin!

But he couldn't remain like this, suspended in space, for at any moment one of the denizens of the forest might decide to make a meal of him. He wiggled and squirmed, but try as he might, he couldn't break loose. There was the rush of powerful wings, and his fears were fulfilled. A praying mantis had spotted him!

ALONE against the monsters of the grass! --
What lay in store for the boy who had
shrunk to the size of an ant?

The green insect was the terror of the fields, with jaws that could rip and tear ruthlessly. Once those front legs grabbed a victim with their bony hooks, it was *death*, and now the demon moved toward *him*!

JOE FOUGHT AGAINST the thorn holding him until he was exhausted. His only chance in escaping the approaching mantis, now, was to attempt the drop to the ground. He took a deep breath, then cut his belt. The mantis, sensing his prey was getting away, leaped forward. Joe heard the claws clash together a hair's breadth above him, and the jaws of the killer closed on the remnants of his belt. The ground "came up," knocking the wind out of him.

Joe had no time to think; the mantis was behind him. He scrambled into the thick tangle of weeds, casting occasional glances over his shoulder. The green thing was still behind him! What to do?

There was a tunnel slanting down into the ground a little way off and he made for that, and dove in, head first. There was no time to see if it was occupied or not, with the mantis at his heels. The green creature's intelligence was not enough to locate him, and in a few moments it stalked off. Joe dashed out of the hole and headed in the general direction of the "home plate."

Every inhabitant of the grass watched him with glassy eyes and waving antennae. Some crawled after him, but with a little clever manoeuvring they were outwitted, and Joe went safely on. The terror was all around. From little wiggly things to giants in armor, with teeth and claws like dragons. Several times Joe almost ran into a clearing where two beetles were fighting to the death. At one place a tribe of ants battled over a huge bread crumb, but were too occupied to notice him.

The heat of the day was terrific. It seemed to bring out every species of life in this seemingly unreal insect world, and Joe stumbled about evading them. Once again, he climbed the stem of a weed, and saw that he was nearing his objective. When he climbed down he was extra careful to avoid the thorny branches, but his luck wasn't with him. The branch pulled out and he went down!

The net that broke his fall was strong and elastic. He bounced up and down gently in its meshes until the swaying stopped, and he then tried to get down. But, he was *caught*! He couldn't move at all. He lay in exactly the same position in which he had fallen.

The strands of the net were a silver-grey, covered with an invisible sticky substance. Realization came swiftly. He had dropped into a spider's web! Any moment the hideous death-dealer would appear, and he was helpless!

Joe kicked furiously, the web bounced, but it was very elastic, stretching under his struggles, but not giving way.

Under Joe's weight the web twisted into a dark funnel, out of which came the spider, an enormous, hairy-legged brute, covered with yellow and black spots. The slitted mouth dripped saliva while the bright specks that were eyes darted fire. It moved toward the boy, anticipating the meal that he would make. Joe's eyes bulged. He tried to scream, but nothing came out. Slowly the spider advanced until he was over the figure of his victim. Two mottled legs encircled his body, and lifted him free of the web! The spider started back for the funnel!

Only one defense! Joe reached into his pocket and pulled out a pack of matches, lit them, and tossed them into the net. In an instant the whole thing was a mass of flame! The hair on the spider curled, and he dropped Joe, to scramble to safety! The fern below cushioned Joe's fall, and he picked himself up, slight-

ly singed, but unharmed. He knew that he wasn't far from the clearing, and by gauging his course by the top of a tree in the distance, he would come to it in a few hours.

By now he was getting used to the bugs, and they no longer bothered him, but when he was suddenly confronted by a huge toad he jumped with fear. The toad took him for an insect, and its tongue shot out. This was something new!

Joe dodged the lightning thrust in time and ducked behind a log. The snake-like tongue followed him. When he managed to get out of reach of the tongue, the toad hopped forward and started searching again. Joe was tiring fast. He had been through so much that he was ready to drop.

At that moment a column of tiny insects marched by. The toad's attention was taken by them, and the tongue darted out scooping them into its mouth by the dozens! Joe lost no time getting away.

JOE THOUGHT HE'D NEVER make it, but at last he caught sight of the clearing and the rock. Good old home plate! He crawled through the dust to the stone and climbed up. Immediately he jumped to his feet. Why, he couldn't stay here — the gang would play ball there that day and he would be crushed under foot! He started back to the fields and the danger from which he had just escaped!

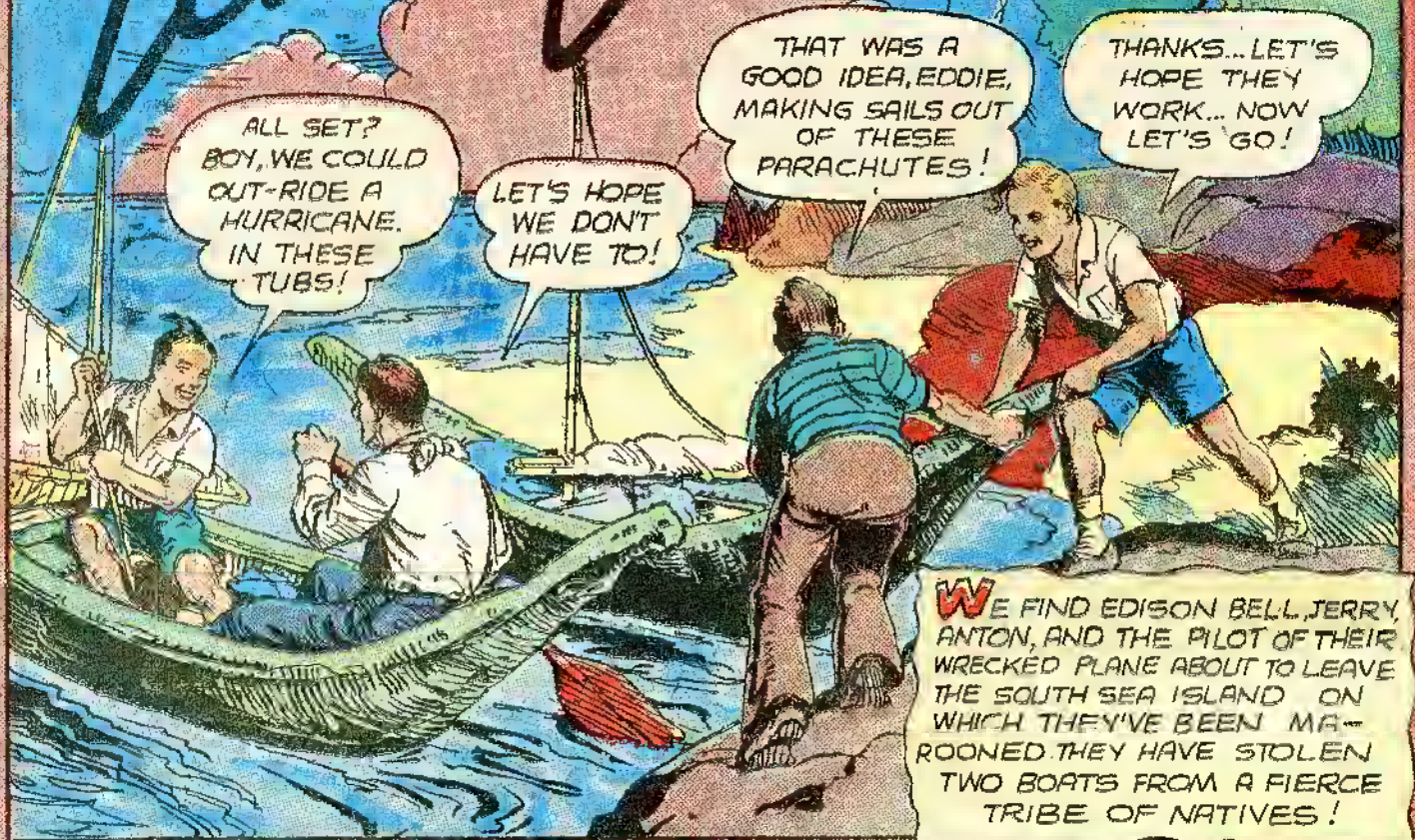
IT WAS THEN that a queer event took place; the sky darkened, and Joe looked up. A meteor was hurtling to earth! But it was unlike any he had ever seen. Round and white, with strange, stitch-like markings. Joe opened his mouth—it was, yes, **IT IS—a baseball!**

Pete was yelling: "Hey Joe, get up, the game's started! If the ball hadn't conked you, you'd have slept forever!"

THE END

by Ray Gill and
Harold Delay

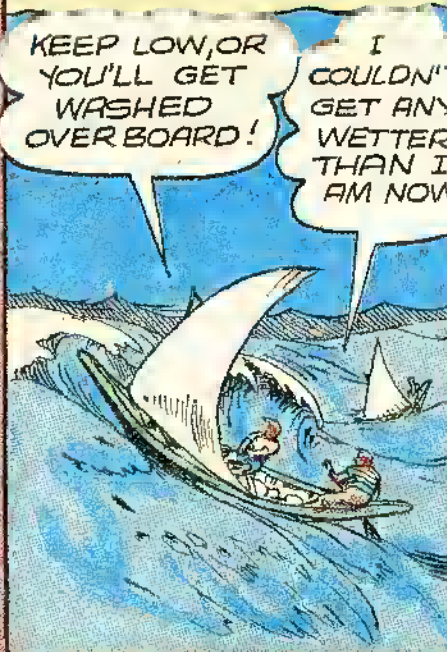
BELL



WELL STOCKED WITH
FOOD AND WATER, THEY
SAIL FOR HOME...



...BUT, AS THE DAYS
PASS, THEY RUN INTO
ALL KINDS OF WEATHER...



... FROM STORMS TO
CALMS IN THE
BROILING SUN!



FINALLY... A BREEZE!

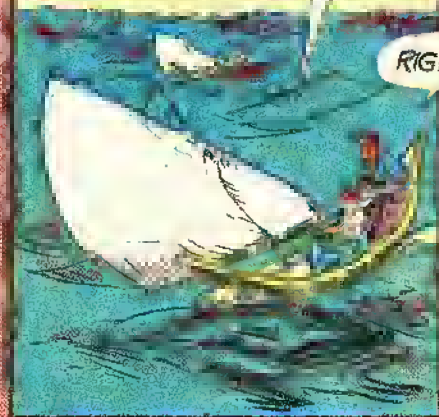
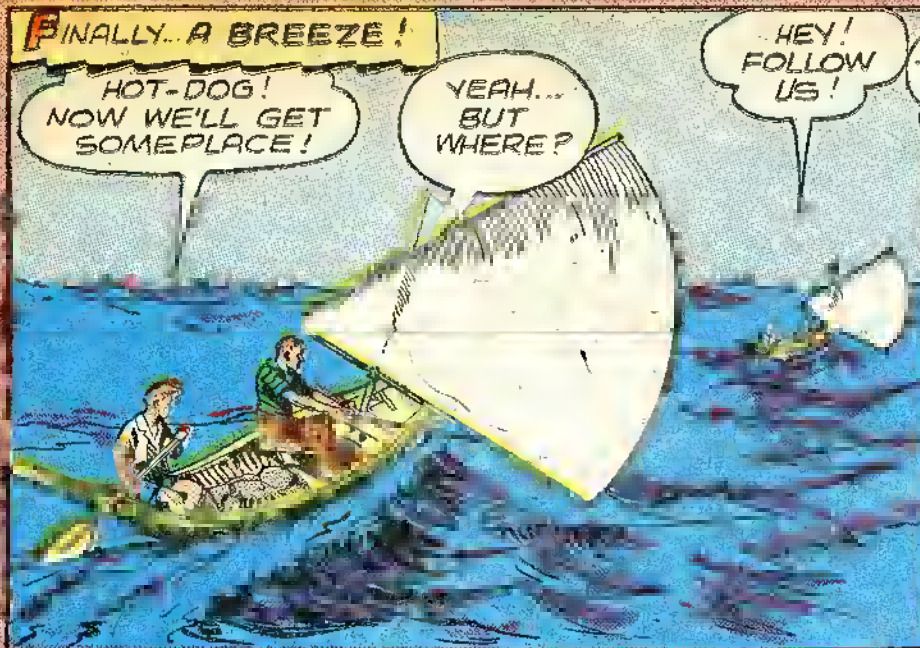
HOT-DOG!
NOW WE'LL GET
SOMEPLACE!

YEAH...
BUT
WHERE?

HEY!
FOLLOW
US!

WHY?
-SEE
SOME-
THING?

NO! BUT BILL
HERE CAN JUDGE
THE DIRECTION
BY THE
SHADOW OF
THE MAST!

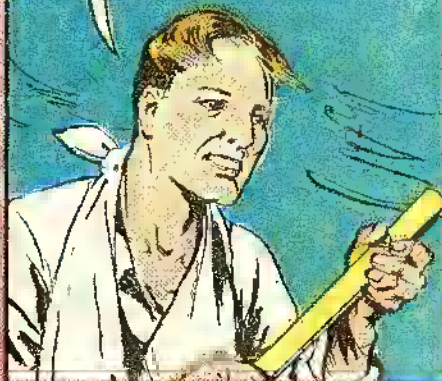


RIGHT!

IF WE SAIL DUE NORTH-
EAST WE'LL HIT
CALIFORNIA, IF WE
LAST THAT LONG, OR
MEET A SHIP ON
THE REGULAR
STEAMER LANES!

THAT'S A LONG
CHANCE THOUGH,
ISN'T IT?

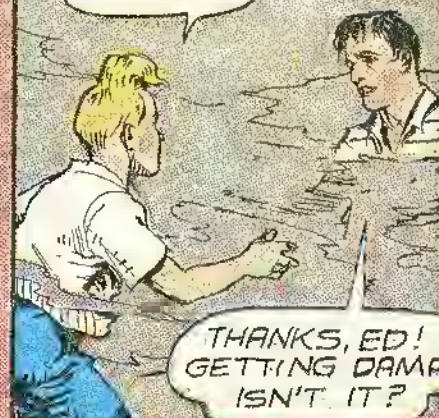
YES... BUT
BETTER THAN
NONE AT
ALL!



THE DAY DRAGS THROUGH,
AND AS NIGHT SETTLES...

HERE, ANTON, I'LL
TAKE OVER...
GET SOME
SLEEP!

THANKS, ED!
GETTING DAMP,
ISN'T IT?



... SO DOES A
HEAVY FOG!

HMM... DAMP, EH? THIS IS
GOOD OLD "LONDON
SOUP"! HOPE WE
DON'T RUN INTO
THE SHIP LANES
TONIGHT!

YEAH! HEY,
JERRY! BILL!
BETTER
STICK
CLOSE!

OKAY!



Suddenly... EDDIE'S BOAT
SHUDDERS AS IT
COMES IN CONTACT
WITH A SOLID MASS!

OH! ED...
WHAT'S
THAT?

Y-YOU
GOT ME
PAL!



THE MYSTERIOUS OBJECT
SCRAPES ALONG THE SIDE...
EDDIE, FRANKLY PUZZLED,
REACHES FOR IT.

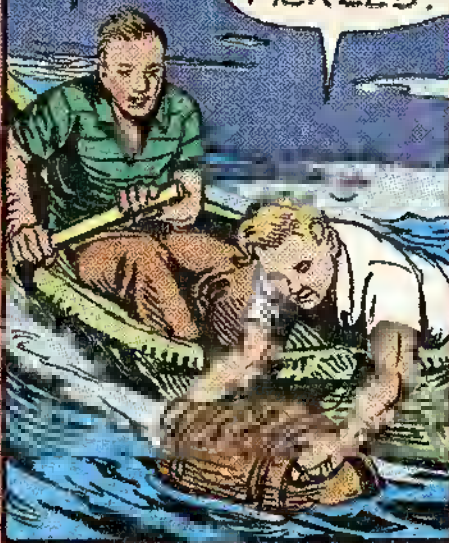
W-WHAT
IS IT?

I HAVE IT...
HOLY
SMOKES!



WHAT?

PICKLES!
A BARREL
FULL OF
PICKLES!



HEY!
NOW WE
ARE IN
FOR IT!

WHY?



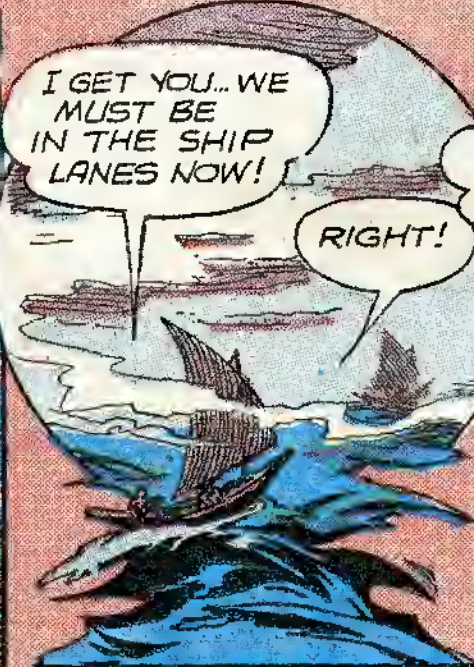
WELL, FOR ONE THING,
WE HAVE NO LIGHTS...
AND THE PRESENCE
OF THIS PICKLE
BARREL SHOWS
THAT ...

OH...



I GET YOU... WE
MUST BE
IN THE SHIP
LANES NOW!

RIGHT!



Meanwhile, JERRY AND
BILL ARE MAKING DIS-
COVERIES OF THEIR OWN.

LISTEN, BILL!
THERE IT
IS AGAIN!

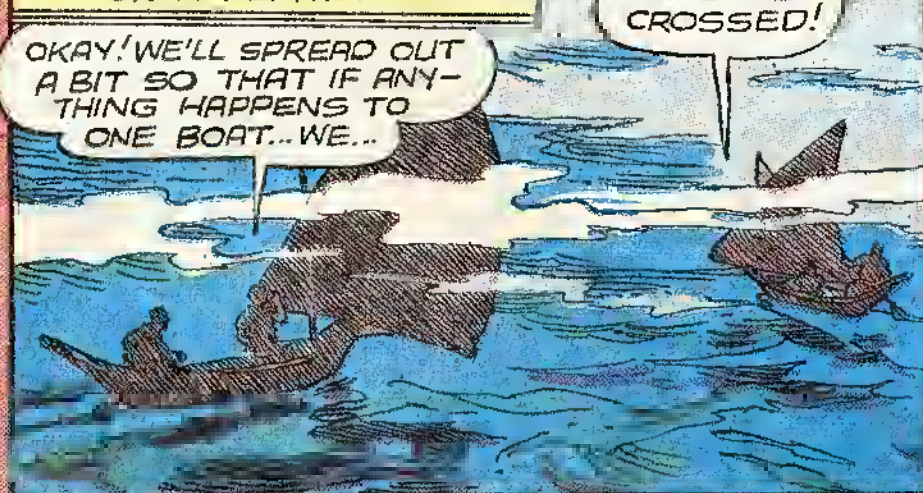
RIGHT!
WE'D BETTER
WARN THE
OTHERS!



SIMULTANEOUSLY, THE BOYS
CALL OUT THE WARNING TO
EACH OTHER... THEY DECIDE
ON A PLAN...

OKAY! WE'LL SPREAD OUT
A BIT SO THAT IF ANY-
THING HAPPENS TO
ONE BOAT... WE...

SPARE THE
DETAILS! I'VE
GOT MY
FINGERS
CROSSED!



Suddenly, THROUGH THE
BOTTOMS OF THEIR
BOATS, THEY FEEL
THE THROB OF NEARBY
ENGINES! THEN THE
LAST OF OF A SHIP'S
FOG-HORN!

BAR-UMPH!



1 SUDDEN SHIFT IN THE
FOG SHOWS EDDIE...

OMIGOSH!
IT'S BEARING
DOWN ON
JERRY'S BOAT!
HEY!

JERRY!
LOOK
OUT!

...BUT THEIR
YELLS ARE
DROWNED OUT
BY THE FOG
HORN, THEN...

ANTON!
THEY'VE
BEEN
HIT!

SIT DOWN!
OR WE'LL
BE IN
THERE
TOO!

CRASH!

THE SHIP IS
COMING THIS WAY!
SAIL TOWARD
IT, FAST!

NIX, ED! WE'LL
GET HIT, TOO!

WHY, YOU RAT! DO AS
I SAY OR I'LL
TOSS YOU TO
THE SHARKS!

OKAY!
I WAS
ONLY
KIDDING!

THAT'S BETTER! HERE,
POUR COCOANUT OIL ON
THIS FIBRE - TIPPED
ARROW, QUICK!
NOW LIGHT IT!

RIGHT!

EDDIE SHOTS HIS
IMPROVISED FLARE
TOWARD THE SHIP!

THERE!

ON THE SHIP...

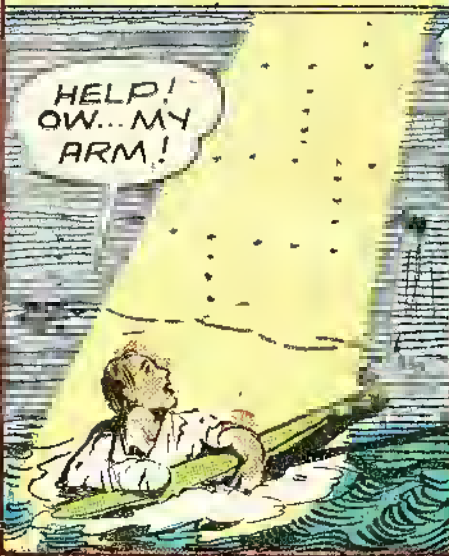
CAPTAIN! A
SIGNAL
OFF THE
STARBOARD!

YEAH?
WELL,
REVERSE
ENGINES...
WE'RE IN
NO
HURRY!



AS THE SHIP, A TRAMP
STEAMER, SLOWS UP,
A SEARCHLIGHT CUTS
THROUGH THE MIST...

HELP!
OW...MY
ARM!



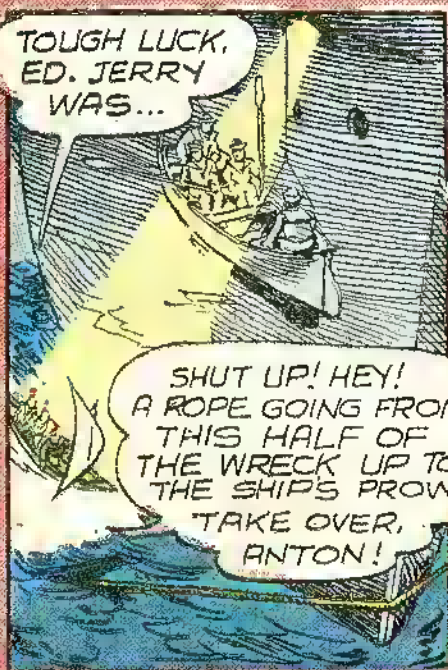
...AND AS A BOAT IS
LOWERED, EDDIE
AND ANTON ARRIVE!

BILL! YOU
ALL RIGHT?
WHERE'S
JERRY?

MY BAD
ARM... JERRY'S
ON OTHER
SIDE OF
SHIP WITH
OTHER HALF
OF BOAT.
OHH-H!

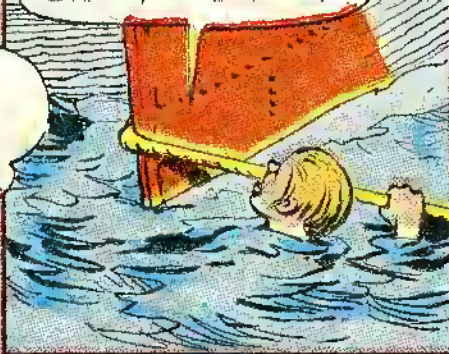


TOUGH LUCK,
ED. JERRY
WAS...



EDDIE DIVES IN, FOLLOWS
THE ROPE TO THE
PROW OF THE TRAMP AND

OBOY! IT GOES
AROUND TO THE OTHER
SIDE, ALL RIGHT!
HEY! SWING THAT
LIGHT TO THIS
SIDE, WILL YOU?

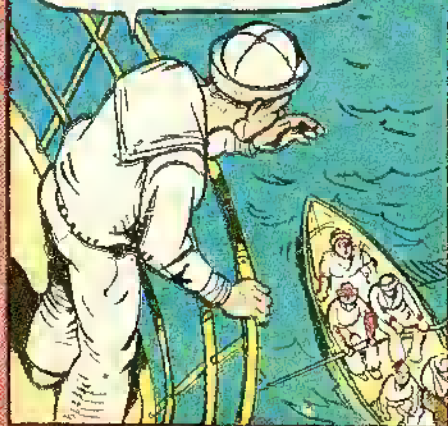


...FINDS HIS HUNCH.
WAS RIGHT!

WELL, IT TOOK
YOU LONG
ENOUGH TO
FIND ME!



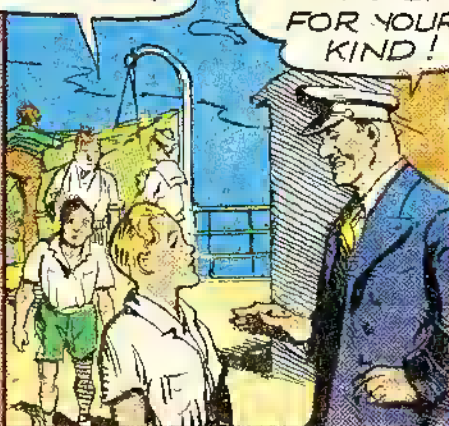
THERE'S ANOTHER ONE
ON THE PORT SIDE!
ALL I CAN SAY IS -
THESE KIDS PICK
FUNNY PLACES TO
GO CANOEING!



SOON THEY ARE ALL
SAFELY ABOARD!

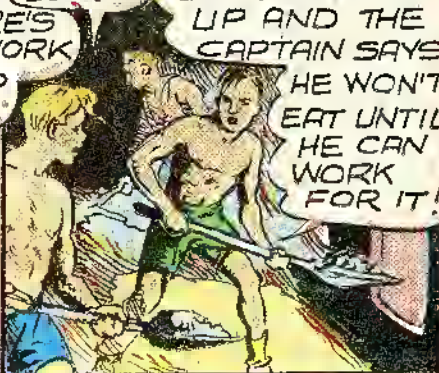
CAPTAIN...WE'D
LIKE TO THANK
YOU FOR...

DON'T! THERE'S
PLENTY OF WORK
ON THIS SHIP
FOR YOUR
KIND!



HOW YOU
DOING,
JER..?

OKAY, BUT I'M
WORRIED ABOUT
BILL! HE'S LAID
UP AND THE
CAPTAIN SAYS
HE WON'T
EAT UNTIL
HE CAN
WORK
FOR IT!



"SAFELY ON BOARD"?
HMM! WE'LL SEE MORE
IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

Edison Bell

SHOWS YOU HOW TO

Convert Your ROWBOAT INTO A SAILBOAT

TAKE AN OLD SUIT OF CANOE-SAILS, FIX THEM UP, AND MOUNT THEM ON YOUR ROWBOAT OR "DINGHY" AS SHOWN. THE "LEEBOARDS" (MADE FROM BROKEN CANOE-PADDLES) LEND STABILITY AND AID IN "TACKING."

IT'S POSSIBLE TO MAKE A NEW SUIT OF SAILS, BUT, IN THE LONG RUN, AN OLD CANOE-SAIL, FIXED UP, WILL BE BETTER... AND LESS EXPENSIVE!

-- CLEAN AND OIL PULLEYS!

-- IF SAIL IS TORN, SEW IT!

-- IF ROPES ARE BAD, USE NEW STUFF!

MAST SPAR

BRASS CLEAT

MAST-STEP (BLOCK OF WOOD WITH HOLE)

"LEE-BOARD" (CANOE-PADDLE)

"LEEBOARDS" SWING BACK IF BOAT HITS SHALLOW WATER.

SCREWS

STRONG ANGLE-IRON BRACE

SCREWS

LEE BOARD SPAR

WING BOLT

HOLD THIS ROPE WHILE SAILING.

MAKE RUDDER OUT OF A PIECE OF OLD OAR... OR OTHER STRONG WOOD. "TILLER" IS AXE-HANDLE.

SLOT

STRAP METAL BRACES

METAL RUDDER-PIN GOES THROUGH BRASS SCREW-EYES.

SMOOTH SAILING!

WELL, GANG -- HERE'S HOPING YOU HAVE AS MUCH FUN SAILING AS WE'VE HAD.

IN A RIG LIKE THE ONE ABOVE, BY THE WAY, BUY YOURSELF A "LIFE-PRESERVER PILLOW" --- AND **PLAY SAFE!**

The WHITE RIDER SUPER HORSE

WHOA, CLOUD!
WHAT'S THIS?

AS THE STEEL TRAILS OF THE IRON HORSE WOUND THEIR WAY WESTWARD PREPARING THE WAY FOR CIVILIZATION, THERE WERE SOME SELFISH MEN WHO THOUGHT ONLY OF THEIR OWN GAIN. SUPERHORSE AND THE WHITE RIDER, WHO HAS COMPLETELY RECOVERED FROM HIS ACCIDENT, SHOW A BUNCH OF THESE HOMBRES THAT THEY CAN'T ESCAPE JUSTICE!

THERE'S A FIRE IN THAT RAILROAD CONSTRUCTION CAMP AND IT HAS A GOOD START!

WOW!

HURRY UP!

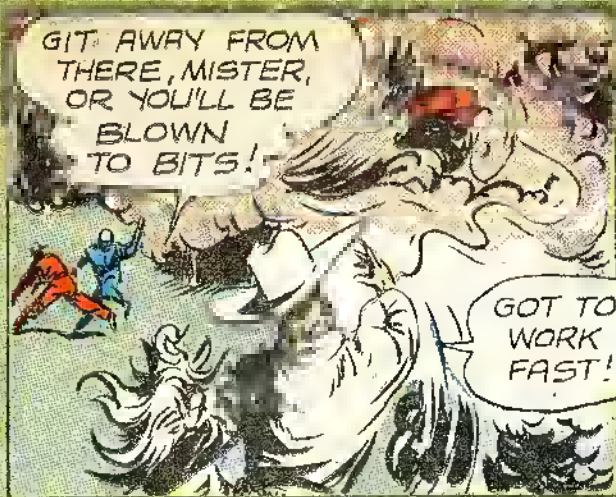
MORE WATER!

THERE'S DYNAMITE IN THAT CABIN AND IT MIGHT GO OFF AT ANY MINUTE!

HOLY SMOKE!

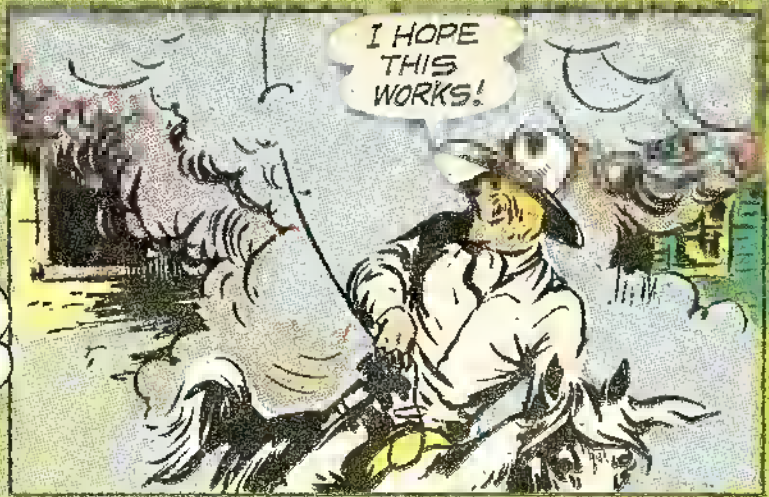
RUN!
BEAT IT!

WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS, CLOUD!

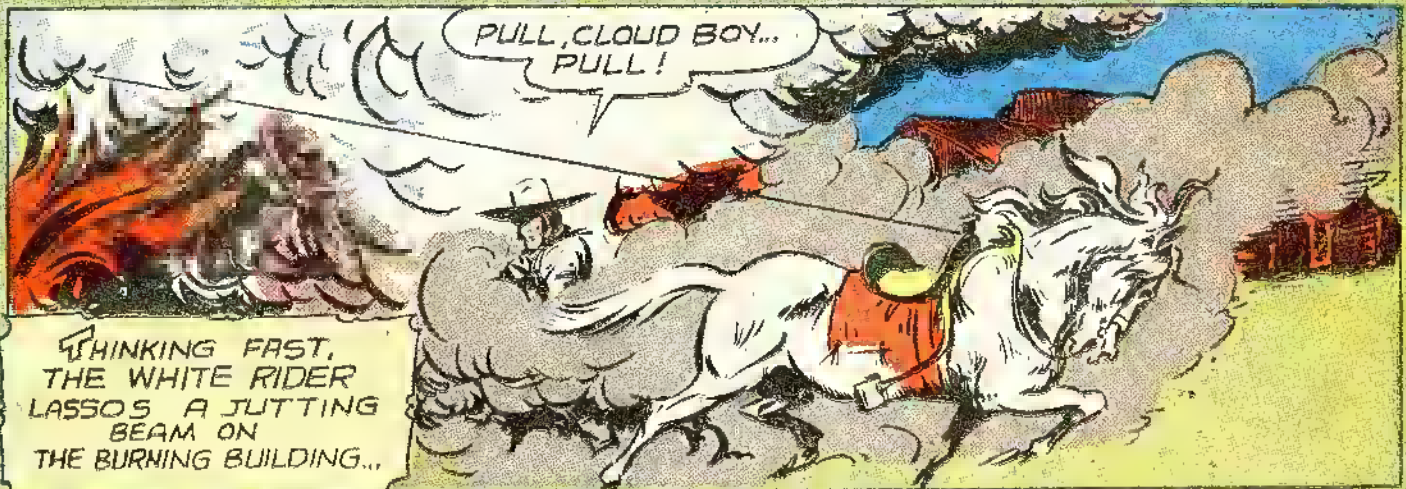


GIT AWAY FROM THERE, MISTER, OR YOU'LL BE BLOWN TO BITS!

GOT TO WORK FAST!

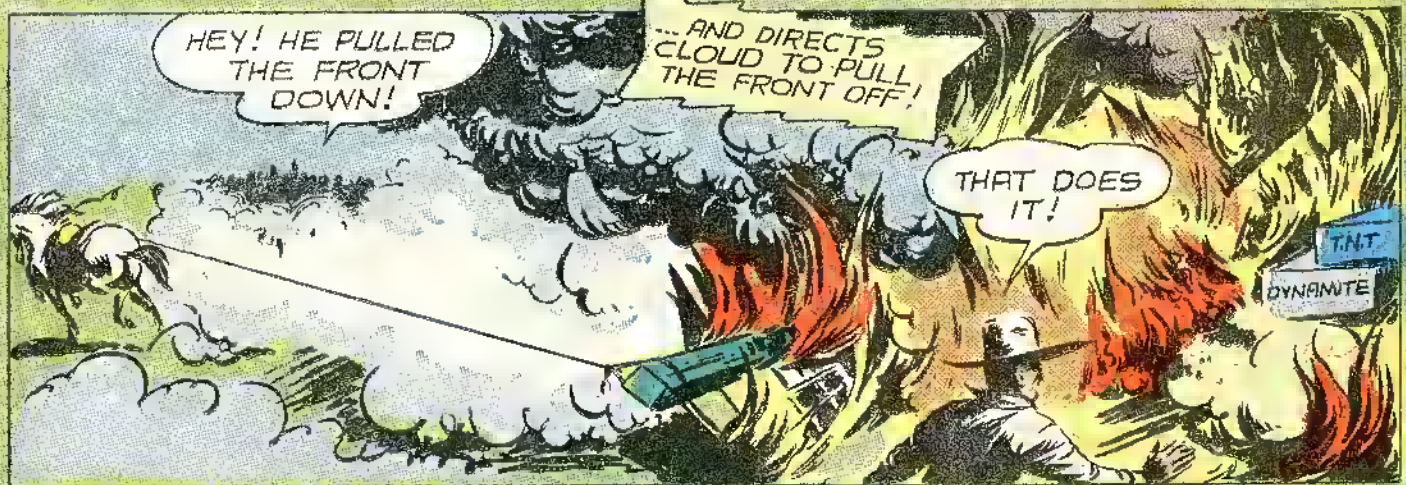


I HOPE THIS WORKS!



PULL, CLOUD BOY... PULL!

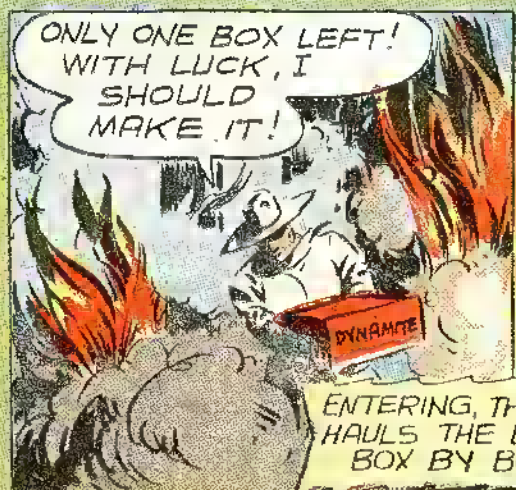
THINKING FAST, THE WHITE RIDER LASSOS A JUTTING BEAM ON THE BURNING BUILDING...



HEY! HE PULLED THE FRONT DOWN!

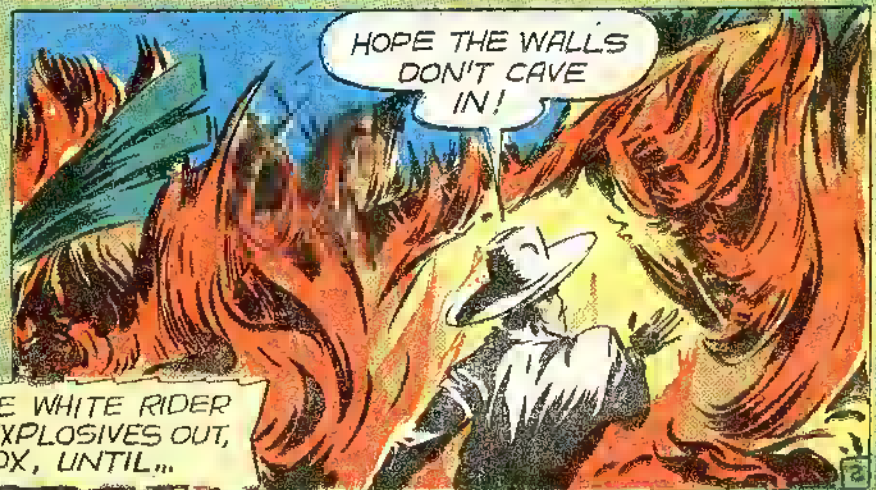
...AND DIRECTS CLOUD TO PULL THE FRONT OFF!

THAT DOES IT!



ONLY ONE BOX LEFT! WITH LUCK, I SHOULD MAKE IT!

ENTERING, THE WHITE RIDER HAULS THE EXPLOSIVES OUT, BOX BY BOX, UNTIL...



HOPE THE WALLS DON'T CAVE IN!

FINALLY, HE REMOVES THE LAST ONE.

HE'S SAFE! HE MADE IT!

HOORAY!

WHEW!

GOOD WORK, STRANGER! I'M HANK MEYERS, CONSTRUCTION FOREMAN, AND I WANT TO THANK YUH!

... HERE COMES MR. GRAY, THE MAN WHO IS BUILDING THIS LINE, AND HARVEY TROLLER, THE BANKER FROM THE TOWN OF CROSSROADS, WHICH IS GOING TO BE THE TERMINAL OF THE RAILROAD!

AFTER WHAT HAS HAPPENED, I CAN'T LOAN YOU THE MONEY YOU WANT... IT'S TOO RISKY!

YOU'VE BEEN A GREAT HELP, YOUNG MAN. THIS IS THE FIFTH TIME SOMEONE HAS TRIED TO STOP OUR WORK! IF I DON'T REACH CROSSROADS IN A WEEK, I'LL BE RUINED!

GOOD LUCK, SON.

WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHO'S TRYING TO BANKRUPT GRAY.

Later... AT THE TOWN OF CROSSROADS.

I'LL HAVE A TALK WITH HARVEY TROLLER, THE BANKER... MAYBE HE CAN GIVE ME A CLUE!

IN TROLLER'S
OFFICE...

THE RAILROAD WILL PUSH
CIVILIZATION FURTHER WEST.
IT WILL BRING LAW AND ORDER
TO CROSSROADS, AND I IN-
TEND TO SEE IT
REACH HERE
ON TIME!

THE RAILROAD
WON'T REACH HERE
UNTIL I WANT
IT TO!

WHY
YOU...

YES! I HOLD MORTGAGES ON
NEIGHBORING RANCHES. IF THE
RANCHERS CAN'T SHIP THEIR CATTLE
SOON, THEY CAN'T PAY ME... I TAKE OVER
THE RANCHES, GRAY GOES BROKE... I'LL
COMPLETE THE RAILROAD AND
OWN THE
WORKS!

GET RID OF
HIM, BOYS!

WE'LL MEET
AGAIN,
TROLLER!

THAT'S WHAT
YOU THINK!

ON YORE HOSS, AND
NO TRICKS!

I'LL PLAY ALONG
WITH THEM!

THE WHITE RIDER IS TAKEN TO
THE GUNMEN'S CAMP!

WHAT'CHA
GOT
THERE?

A PEST THET THE
BOSS WANTS
SWATTED!

WE'RE GOIN' TO BLOW UP THE ROAD'S
TUNNEL, THEN RAID THE CON-
STRUCTION CAMP!

MM!

RIGHT!
I GET
YOU!

AT THE TUNNEL...

WE'LL LET THE DYNAMITE
TAKE CARE OF
THIS HOMBRE!

LET'S GIT! THIS
STUFF WILL
EXPLODE
ANY MINUTE!

HURRY
UP!

THE WHITE RIDER IS LEFT
TO CERTAIN DOOM!

THEY'RE
GOING!

SUPERHORSE SENSES
HIS MASTER'S PERIL,
AND...

WHOA!

WHEE

HE
GOT
AWAY!

OH! LET HIM GO!
THE DYNAMITE
WILL TAKE CARE
OF HIM TOO!

THIS FUSE IS
BURNING
THE ROPE
APART!

CLOUD! TAKE THE
DYNAMITE OUTSIDE,
QUICKLY!

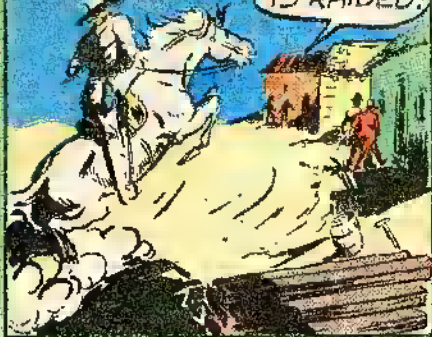
HURRY, CLOUD! DROP IT DOWN
THE HILL OUTSIDE!

THE CLEVER HORSE
OBEYS HIS MASTER.

GOOD BOY! NOW
WE HAVE TO REACH
THE CONSTRUCTION
CAMP AHEAD OF
THE OUTLAWS!

WE'LL TAKE THIS
SHORT-CUT!

HERE WE ARE, AND THERE'S BANKER TROLLER. BET HE CAME HERE TO HAVE AN ALIBI WHEN THE CAMP IS RAIDED!



RIDER FINDS THE FOREMAN...

...AND THEY'RE COMING HERE NOW TO RAID THE CAMP!



THEY WON'T EXPECT US TO BE PREPARED! THEY'LL BE TRAPPED!

WE'LL BE PREPARED!

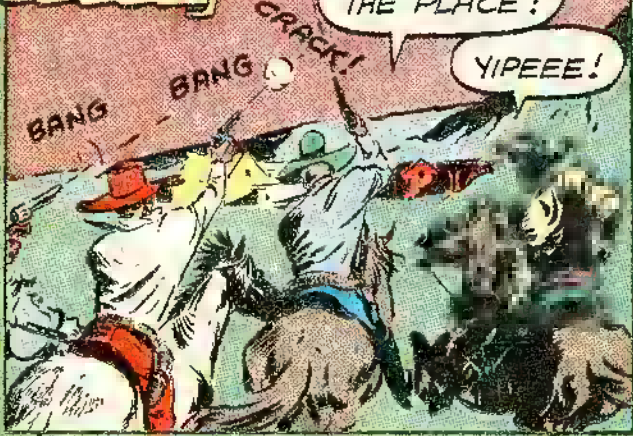
SHORE!



THE RAID!

SHOOT UP THE PLACE!

YIPEEE!



HERE THEY COME!

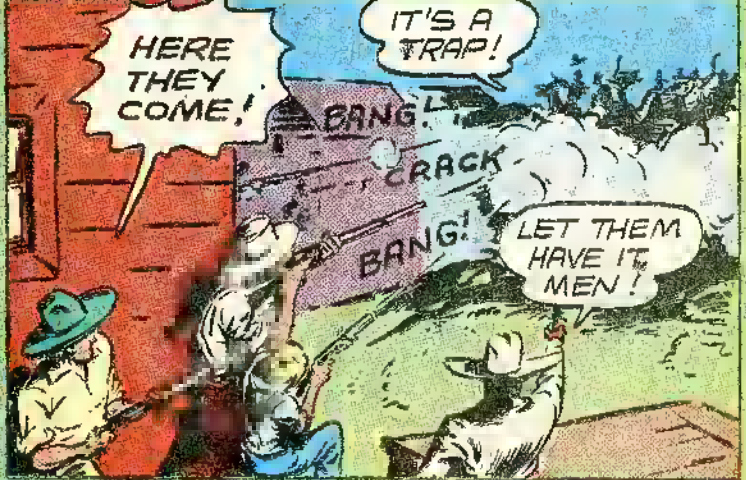
IT'S A TRAP!

BANG!

CRACK!

BANG!

LET THEM HAVE IT, MEN!

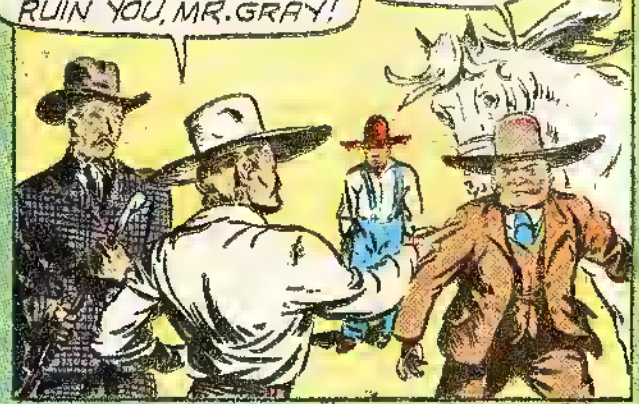
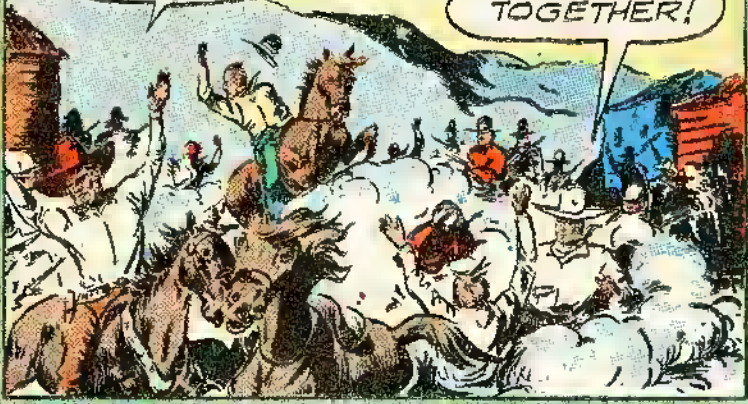


WE'VE HAD ENOUGH!

GOOD WORK, MEN! HERD THEM TOGETHER!

TROLLER'S THE MAN WHO TRIED TO RUIN YOU, MR. GRAY!

YOU'RE A LIAR!

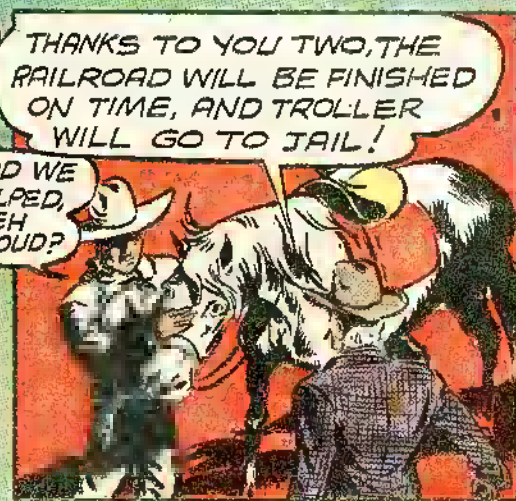


MAKE HIM TELL THE TRUTH, CLOUD!

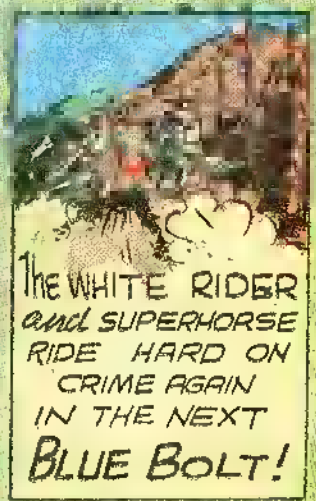
THANKS TO YOU TWO, THE RAILROAD WILL BE FINISHED ON TIME, AND TROLLER WILL GO TO JAIL!

GLAD WE HELPED, EH CLOUD?

OW! GET THIS HOSS OFF ME! I'LL CONFESS!



The WHITE RIDER and SUPERHORSE RIDE HARD ON CRIME AGAIN IN THE NEXT BLUE BOLT!



the PHANTOM SUB

by FES

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE IN WASHINGTON IS ALL AFLUTTER, FOR TO THEM HAS FALLEN A GREAT RESPONSIBILITY. THE GOVERNOR OF THE MAHATMAS ISLANDS, WHO IS A VERY IMPORTANT FIGURE IN ONE OF THE GREAT DEMOCRACIES FIGHTING FOR ITS WAY OF LIFE, IS TO MAKE A VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES! IT IS THE NAVY'S TASK TO SEE THAT THE GOVERNOR GETS SAFE TRANSPORTATION FROM THE ISLAND TO THE UNITED STATES-- BECAUSE OF THE SITUATION IN EUROPE, NAVAL INTELLIGENCE PLANS TO SAFEGUARD AGAINST ANY EMERGENCY..

THE GOVERNOR OF THE MAHATMAS AND HIS WIFE ARE TO BE CARRIED TO THE MAINLAND IN A NAVAL BOMBER! EVERY ARM OF THE ATLANTIC FLEET MUST BE CALLED INTO ACTION IF NECESSARY!

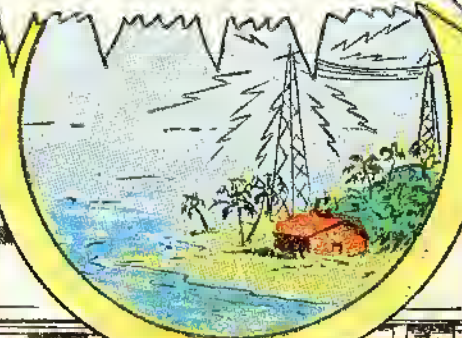
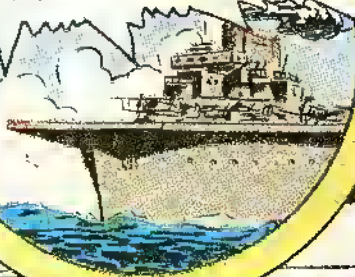
AYE, AYE, SIR!

SHIPS OF THE ATLANTIC FLEET WILL PATROL THE WATERS BETWEEN THE MAHATMAS AND THE MAINLAND!



ALL COMBAT SQUADRONS OF PLANE CARRIER 2 WILL ACT AS AERIAL CONVOY FOR BOMBER CARRYING GOVERNOR AND WIFE! PLANE CARRIER 2 WILL PROCEED AT ONCE TO WATERS OFF THE MAHATMAS!

CALLING THE PHANTOM SUB... SOMEWHERE IN SOUTH AMERICAN WATERS! REPORT TO U.S. PLANE CARRIER 2! URGENT!



THE MESSAGE CRACKLES THROUGH THE ETHER ACROSS THE WATERS TO A SMALL SOUTH AMERICAN PORT - WHERE IT IS RECEIVED BY THE PHANTOM CREW -

BUT...

GEE, JACK SLIM'S NOWHERE TO BE FOUND!

WHAT? YOU'VE GOT TO FIND HIM! WE LEAVE IN A FEW MINUTES!

SEARCH EVERY PLACE FOR HIM! AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!

RIGHT, JACK! WE'LL GET HIM!

MEANWHILE, SLIM IS LOST IN THE INTRICACIES OF A NATIVE TARPON NET...

YOU SEE, SLEEM, WE TWIST THE WIRE OVER LIKE THEES, AND THEN FASTEN IT!

YEAH, I SEE, BUT I'M ALL THUMBS WHEN I TRY TO DO IT!

SLIM'S REVERIE IS INTERRUPTED AS ONE OF THE CREW FINDS HIM -

JACK SAYS TO HURRY!

GEE WHIZ, JUST WHEN I WAS LEARNING TO REPAIR ONE OF THESE NETS!

WHY DON'T YOU TAKE THE NET WITH YOU, SLEEM?

YOU MEAN - I CAN TAKE IT TO PRACTICE ON? -- GEE, THANKS, ALVAREZ, THANKS! LOADS!

COME ON, SLIM!

SO, WITH ALL ABOARD, THE PHANTOM SUB TAKES TO THE AIR - ITS POWERFUL MOTORS CARRY IT QUICKLY TO ITS DESTINATION. U.S. AIRPLANE CARRIER #2 -

HERE WE ARE!

GOOD!

JACK AND SLIM GO ABOARD THE GREAT SHIP TO RECEIVE THEIR ORDERS...

WOW! IT'S LIKE LA GUARDIA FIELD ON PONTOONS!

WELCOME ABOARD! I WILL TAKE YOU TO COMMANDER EAGLES!

-- AND ARE TAKEN TO THE COMMANDER --

BECAUSE OF THE PHANTOM SUB'S ABILITY TO FLY IN HIGH ALTITUDES, YOUR JOB WILL BE TO PATROL THE STRATOSPHERE ABOVE 40,000 FEET! YOUR GREAT SPEED WILL ENABLE YOU TO CIRCLE ABOUT, AND YET REMAIN WITH THE AERIAL CONVOY!

YES, SIR!

... I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU OF THE IMPORTANCE OF THIS MISSION. YOU REALIZE WHAT THE GOVERNOR OF THE MAHATMAS MEANS TO THAT GREAT DEMOCRACY.

WE'RE READY, SIR!

NOW, A HUGE NAVAL BOMBER CARRYING THE GOVERNOR OF THE MAHATMAS AND HIS WIFE, TAKES OFF FOR THEIR TRIP TO THE UNITED STATES.

AND RISING TO MEET IT AS AN AERIAL CONVOY, GO THE SQUADRONS OF U.S. AIRPLANE CARRIER # 2 -

BUT MEANWHILE...

ON A SMALL UNHABITED ISLAND NOT FAR AWAY, TWO SINISTER MEN HOVER OVER SOME STRANGE RADIO APPARATUS...

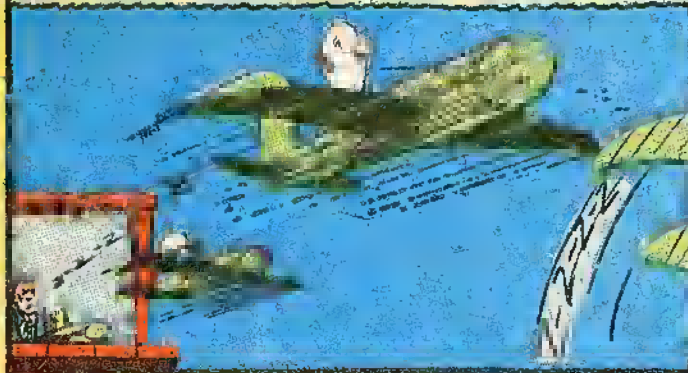
HURRY, ERBRAUTEN, YOU SHOULD HAVE CONTACTED THEM BY NOW!

I'M TRYING, YA-YA! I'VE GOT THEM! PREPARE TO TAKE THEIR POSITION!

L7-42-14-- THAT'S IT! I WILL NOW TURN ON THE BEAM!

L7-42-14 CHECK! YA! SET IT- I AM READY FOR IT!

WHEN THE QUEER MECHANISMS ARE SET ON THE RAMP, THEY SEEM TO SHUDDER WITH LIFE, AND THEN SHOOT INTO THE AIR!



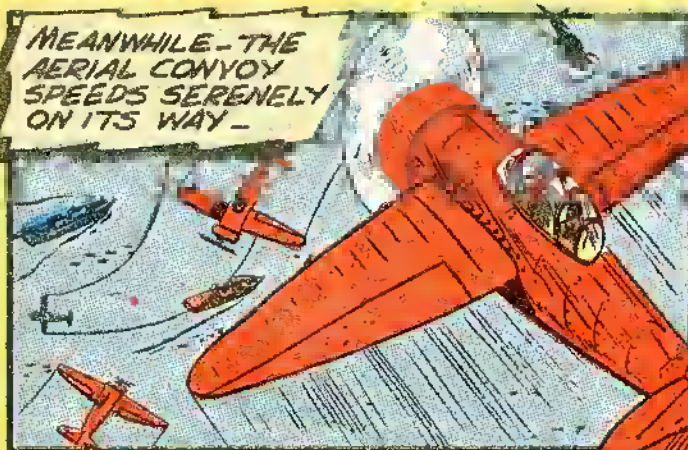
AS THOUGH DRAWN BY SOME FAR OFF MAGNETIC POLE, THEY SPEED OFF INTO THE BLUE -



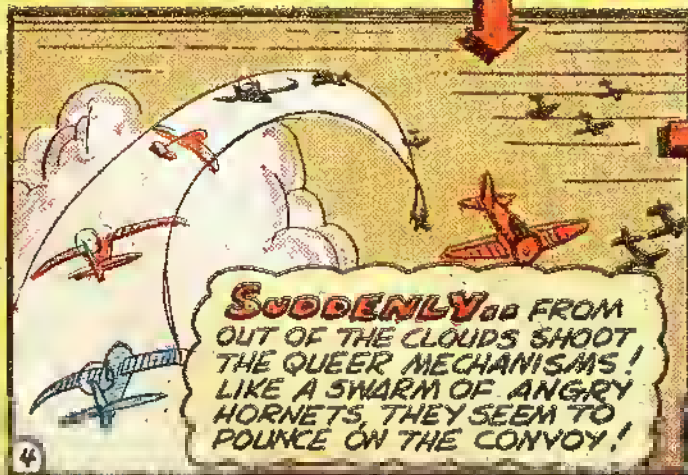
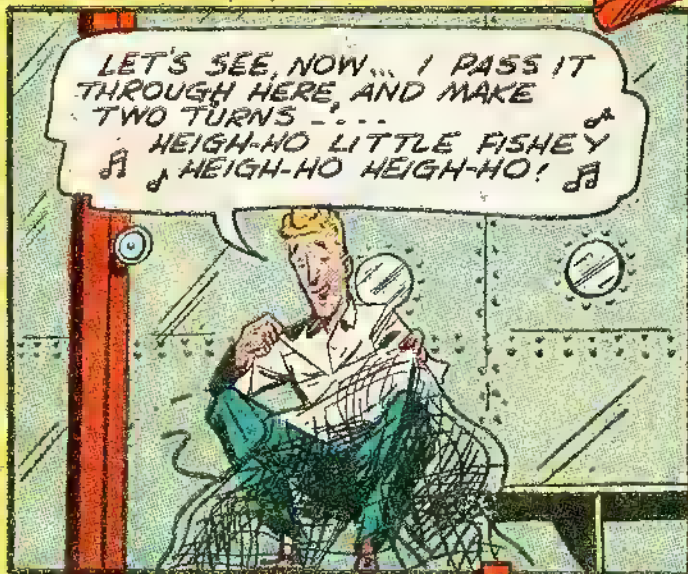
BUT HIGH ABOVE IN THE PHANTOM SUB

GEE, THIS IS MONOTONOUS! I WISH I WAS BACK WITH MY FISHERMAN FRIEND... SAY! THAT NET HE GAVE ME-- I CAN PRACTICE MENDING IT!

MEANWHILE--THE AERIAL CONVOY SPEEDS SERENELY ON ITS WAY--



LET'S SEE, NOW... I PASS IT THROUGH HERE, AND MAKE TWO TURNS -
♪ HEIGH-HO LITTLE FISHEY ♪
♪ HEIGH-HO HEIGH-HO! ♪

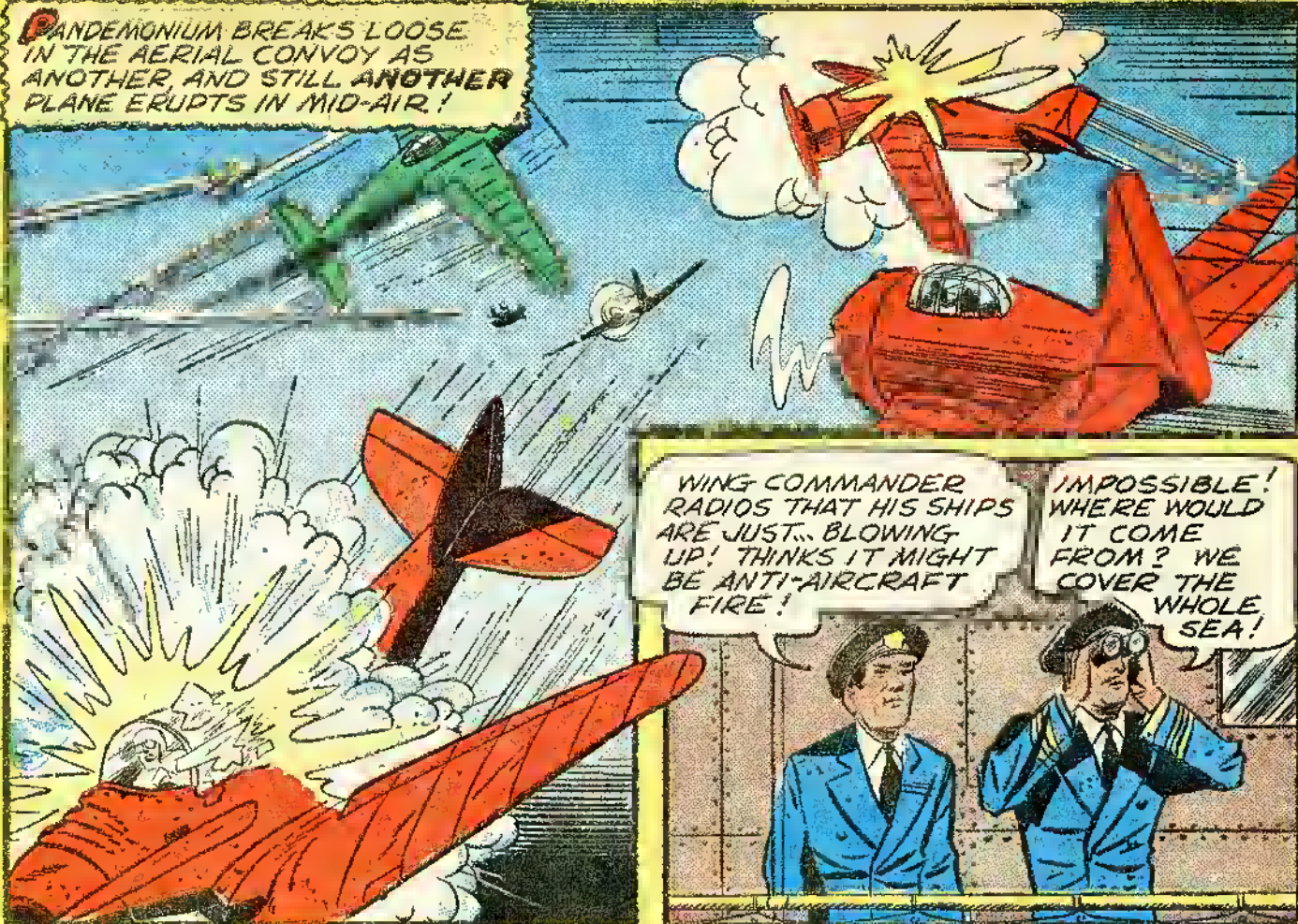


SUDDENLY FROM OUT OF THE CLOUDS SHOOT THE QUEER MECHANISMS! LIKE A SWARM OF ANGRY HORNETS, THEY SEEM TO POUNCE ON THE CONVOY!



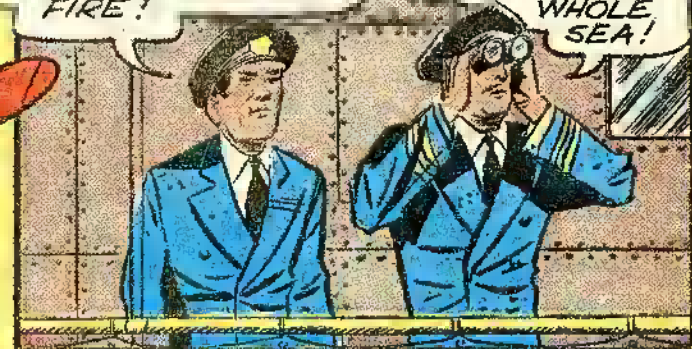
then-- A PURSUIT PLANE BURSTS INTO A THOUSAND PIECES, AS ONE OF THE FLYING UNITS MAKES A DIRECT HIT!

PANDEMONIUM BREAKS LOOSE IN THE AERIAL CONVOY AS ANOTHER, AND STILL ANOTHER PLANE ERUPTS IN MID-AIR!

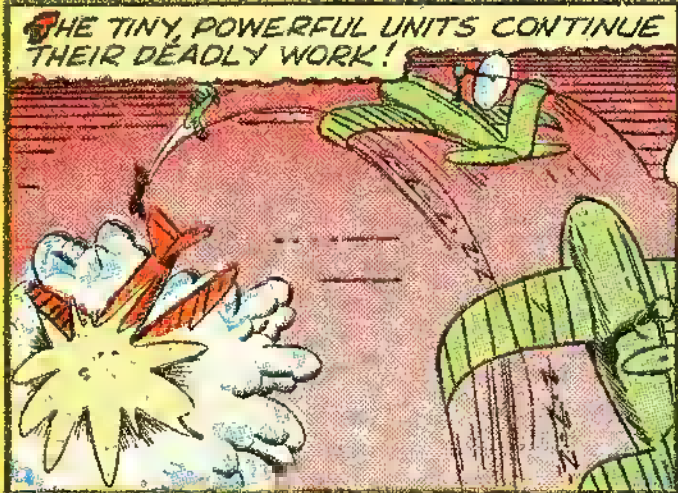


WING COMMANDER RADIOS THAT HIS SHIPS ARE JUST... BLOWING UP! THINKS IT MIGHT BE ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE!

IMPOSSIBLE! WHERE WOULD IT COME FROM? WE COVER THE WHOLE SEA!



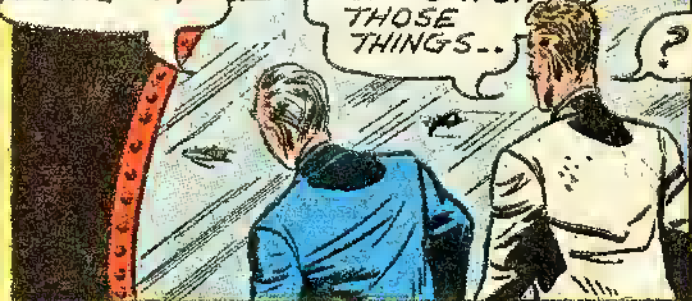
THE TINY, POWERFUL UNITS CONTINUE THEIR DEADLY WORK!



FROM THEIR VANTAGE POINT ABOVE, THE PHANTOM CREW SPOTS THE DEADLY MISSILES!

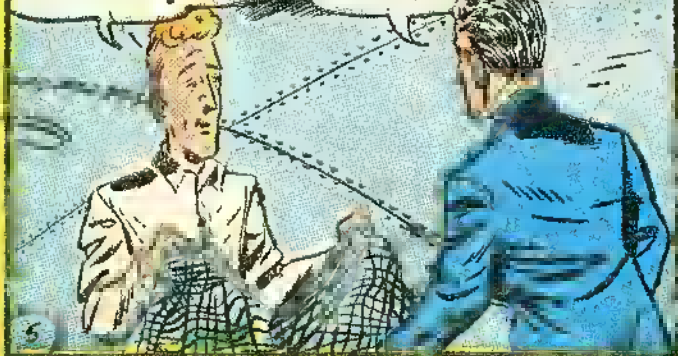
LOOK, JACK! THERE'S WHAT'S DOING IT!

IT'S SOME SORT OF AN AERIAL TORPEDO! BUT WE CAN'T CATCH THOSE THINGS...

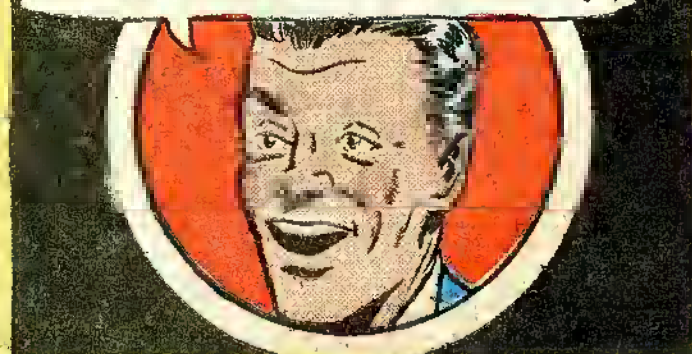


CATCH? FISH... YOU CATCH FISH, JACK... CATCH! CATCH?

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? CATCH FISH?... WHAT..?



I GET IT! THE NET! IT'S MADE OF PLATINUM WIRE, AND STRONG ENOUGH TO HOLD THEM! COME ON! SWING OUT THE CLAW!



QUICKLY THE SALVAGE CLAW IS SWUNG AROUND AND THE STRONG TARPON NET IS SECURED TO IT!

LET ME HANDLE THE NET, JACK! IT WILL BE JUST LIKE FISHING!

OKAY, SLIM!

LIKE A PORPOISE GONE MAD, THE PHANTOM SUB TWISTS THROUGH THE AIR CATCHING THE DEADLY MISSILES!

HURRY! AFTER ANOTHER ONE!

THEN, AFTER A SHORT WHILE -

WHEW, I GUESS THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM!

NO! THERE'S ANOTHER ONE! AND IT'S HEADING RIGHT FOR THE BOMBER CARRYING THE GOVERNOR OF THE MAHATMAS!

WITH CAUTION THROWN TO THE FOUR WINDS, THE PHANTOM SUB HURTTLES DOWN THROUGH THE AIR!

LADY LUCK BE WITH US.. THE FATE OF NATIONS HANGS ON THIS DIVE!

JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME THE NET SNARES THE MISSILE, AND THE DANGER IS AVERTED.

THE CONVOY RESUMES ITS FLIGHT, AND THE MAINLAND IS REACHED SAFELY!

WELCOME TO THE UNITED STATES, GOVERNOR!

WE'RE TRULY GLAD TO BE HERE!

QUITE!

AN AERIAL TORPEDO, EH?


YES, AS NEAR AS WE CAN FIGURE, A POWERFUL TRANSMITTER PROJECTS A BEAM TO WHAT IS TO BE HIT. THESE TORPEDOES ARE SET TO TRAVEL THE BEAM 'TIL THEY HIT SOMETHING! IF WE CAN ONLY FIND THAT BEAM AND TRACE IT...

YEA..

WHAT NEW ADVENTURE WILL THE PHANTOM CREW FIND THEMSELVES IN AS THEY ATTEMPT TO TRACE THE DEADLY TORPEDOES IN NEXT MONTH'S **BLUE BOLT** ???

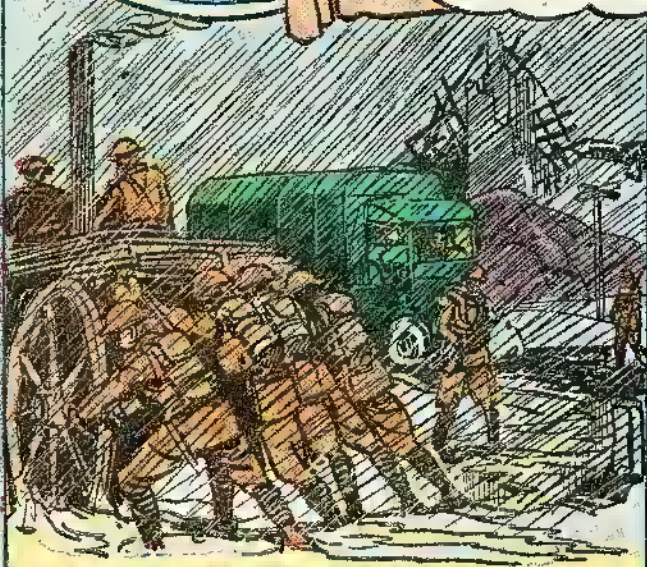
OLD CAP HAWKINS' TALES

OLD CAP HAWKINS, RETIRED MARINER, HAS BEEN TELLING HIS LITTLE PAL, JOEY, HOW THE FIGHTING REGIMENTS OF OUR GREAT ARMY EARNED THEIR MOTTOES.




JOEY,
THE 127TH INFANTRY
EARNED THEIR MOTTO
IN SOME OF THE MOST
VICIOUS FIGHTING IN
WORLD WAR I.
—HERE'S WHY THEY
WERE CALLED...

"Les Terribles."

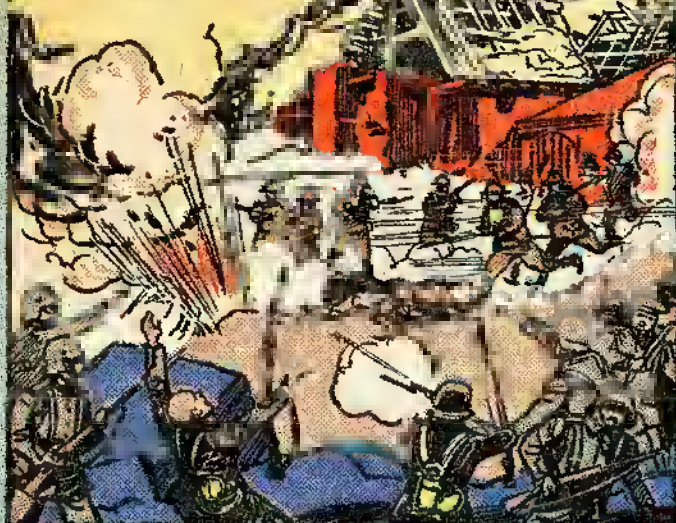


THE 127TH ARRIVED AT THE FRONT IN A TEEMING RAIN. THE ROAD WAS SO BAD THEY PRACTICALLY HAD TO CARRY THE WAGONS!



UNDER FIRE FROM THE START, THE MEN WERE ANXIOUS TO SHOW THEIR STUFF!

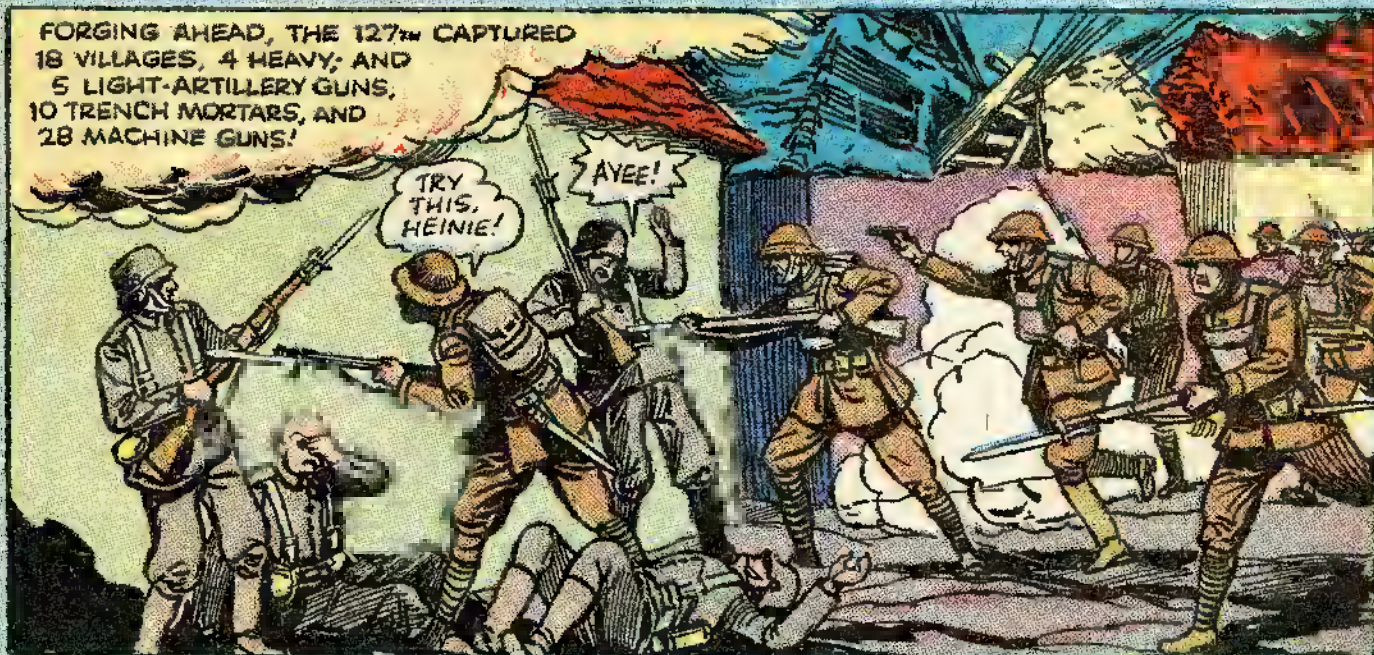
THE TIME SOON CAME! ADVANCING, THE YANKS
CLEARED OUT EVERYTHING
IN THEIR PATH!



SWEEPING THE FRONT LIKE A
PLAGUE, THEIR BAYONETS WERE
THE TERROR OF THE ENEMY!



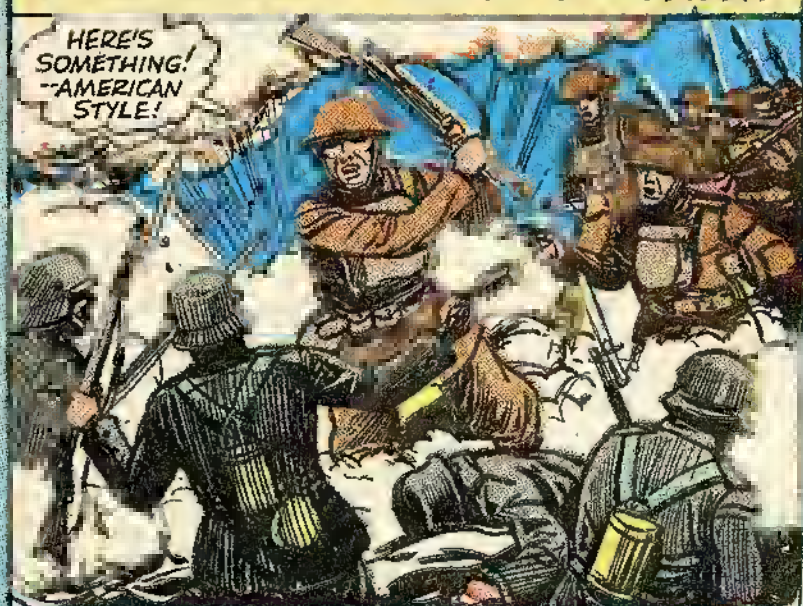
FORGING AHEAD, THE 127TH CAPTURED
18 VILLAGES, 4 HEAVY, AND
5 LIGHT-ARTILLERY GUNS,
10 TRENCH MORTARS, AND
28 MACHINE GUNS!



THE ENEMY SENT FOR CRACK
TROOPS TO CHECK THE AMERICANS.



BUT THE YANKS WIPED THEM OUT COMPLETELY!

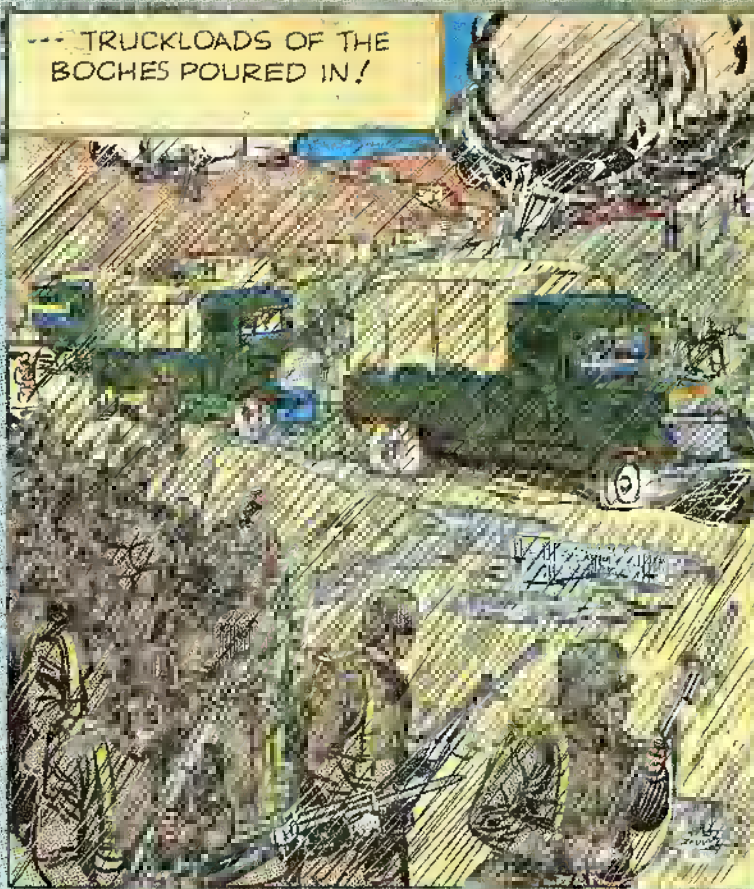


A HURRY CALL FOR TWO GERMAN
DIVISIONS WENT IN, AND ---

SEND TWO
DIVISIONS
QUICKLY!
THEY ARE
DESTROYING
US!



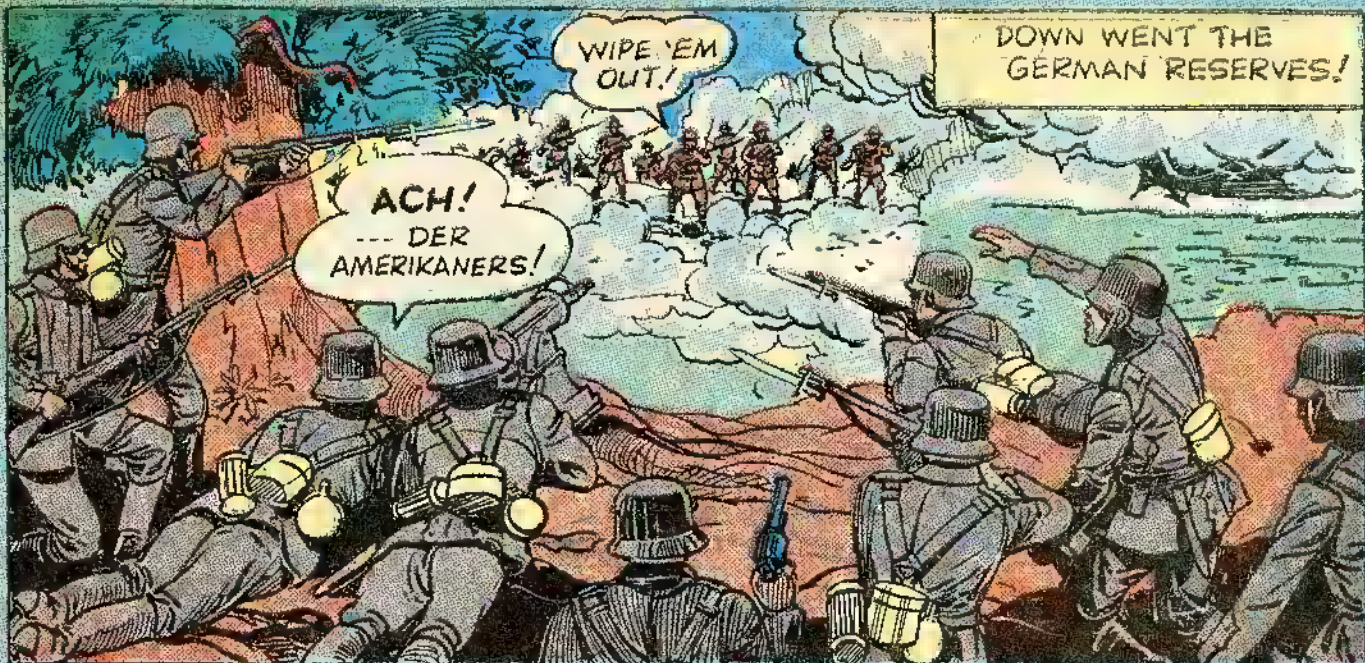
--- TRUCKLOADS OF THE
BOCHES POURED IN!



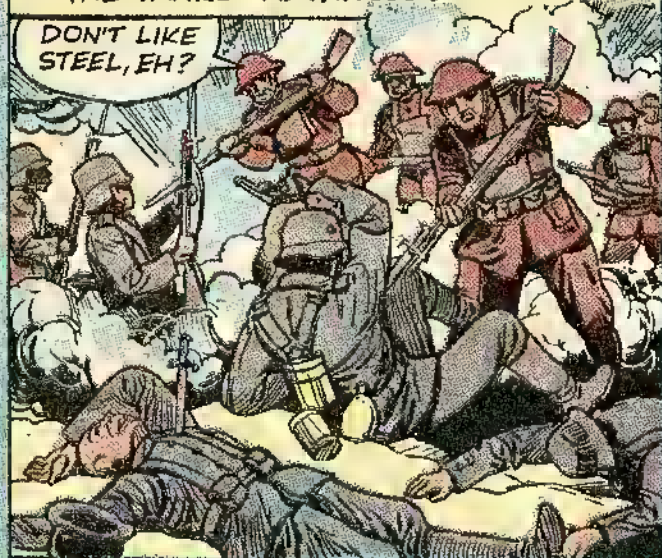
BUT THE YANKS WERE NOT TO BE STOPPED!
THEY ADVANCED BEHIND A BARRAGE
LIKE A MIGHTY TIDAL WAVE!

WOW!
LET 'EM
HAVE IT,
BOYS!

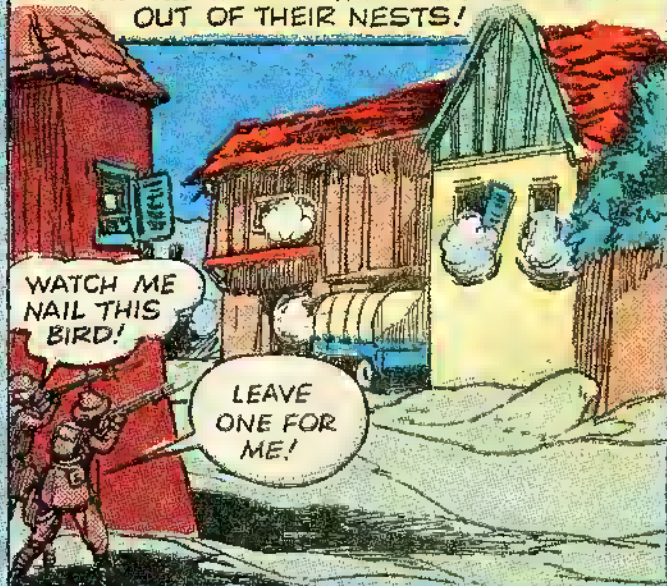




AT JOMBLETTES WOODS, THE FIGHTING WAS PRIMITIVE, YET EFFECTIVE -- AND AGAIN THE YANKS ADVANCED!



IN THE FIGHTING AT BELLEVINE FARM, THE BOYS OF THE 127TH SHOT THE SNIPERS RIGHT OUT OF THEIR NESTS!



AS GENERAL DE MONDESIR WATCHED THE TERRIFIC ONSLAUGHT OF THE 127TH, HE HURLED THEIR BATTLE MOTTO AT THEM! ---



BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN

WE SHOULDA
DONE THIS
LONG
AGO!

WE'LL
FIX YIM
GOOD!

WE'LL GRAB THAT
BLUE BOLT
ON HIS OWN
STAMPING GROUNDS!

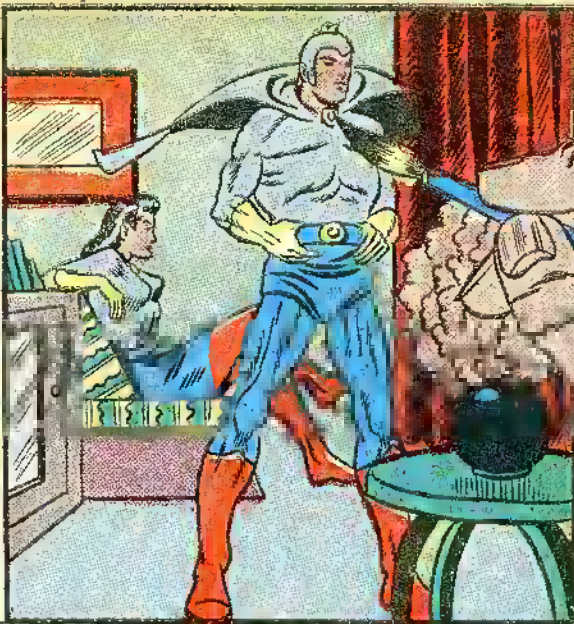
YEAH!
BEFORE HE
COMES AFTER
US!

JOEY
THE FINK FRANK
THE TORP FITZ
JIM

THE THUGS OF GANGLAND
START OUT TO NAIL
BLUE BOLT IN HIS OWN LAIR,
THE PAGES OF THIS MAGAZINE,
BUT **BLUE BOLT** STUFFS THE
PANELS IN THEIR TEETH AND
MAKES THEM LIKE IT!



THERE HE IS NOW!
GETTING THE FINISHING
TOUCHES PUT ON HIM!



OKAY,
BLUE BOLT!
YOU'RE ALL
SET!

I WONDER WHAT
THE ACTION'S
GOING TO BE
LIKE THIS MONTH!

WELL,
ALL I CAN
SAY IS, I HOPE
THERE'S PLENTY
OF IT!

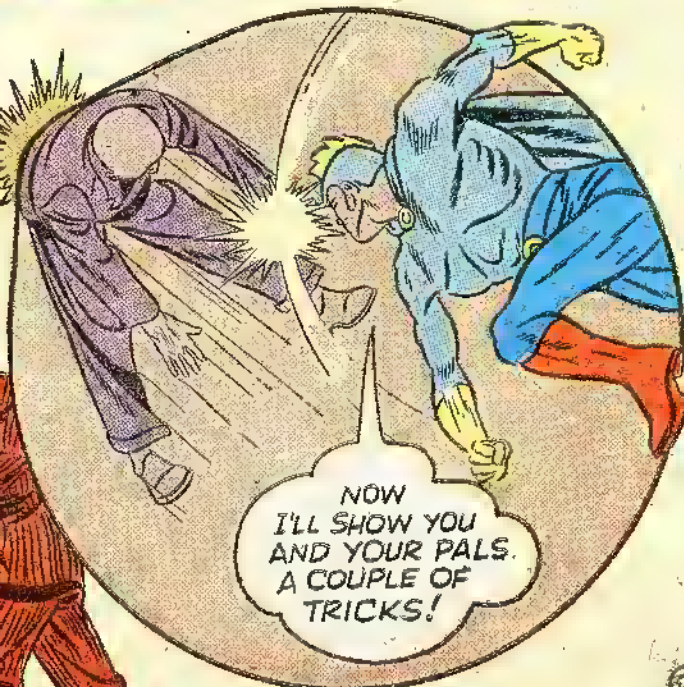
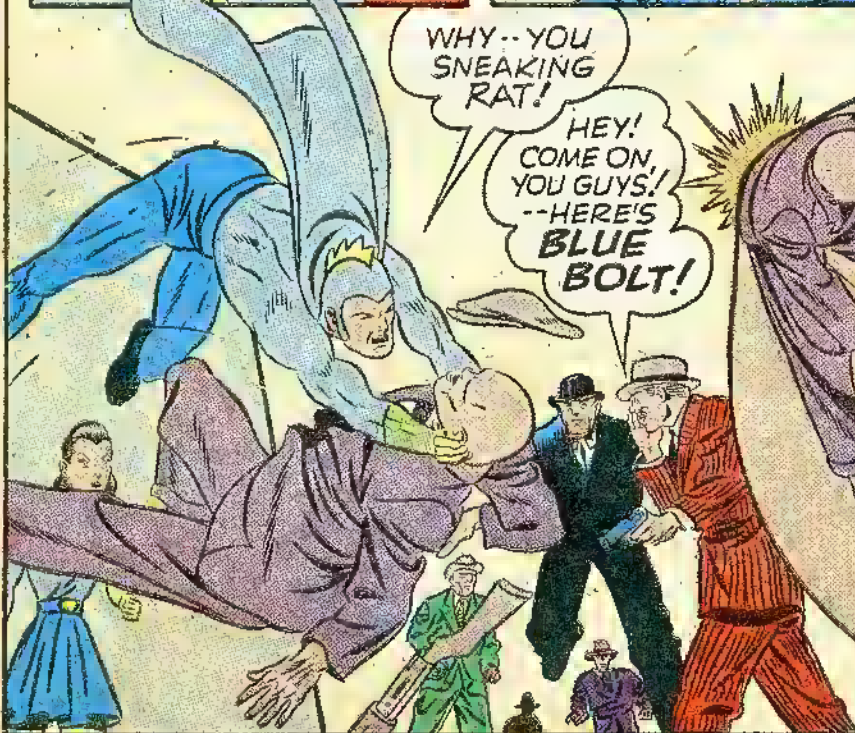
HERE'S SOME ACTION
FOR YA!

DUCK,
LOIS!



WHY-- YOU
SNEAKING
RAT!

HEY!
COME ON,
YOU GUYS!
--HERE'S
**BLUE
BOLT!**



NOW
I'LL SHOW YOU
AND YOUR PALS.
A COUPLE OF
TRICKS!

GRAB 'IM!
PUNCH 'IM!
SHOOT 'IM DOWN!
OOF!

THAT'LL TAKE
THE SHINE OFF
YOUR DOME!

HEY! WAIT
FOR ME! I'M
LEAVING TOO!

LOOK AT THEM RUN!
I'LL JUST TIE THIS
ROPE ON HERE AND
MAKE A LASSO OUT
OF THIS CIRCULAR
PANEL!

COWBOY STUFF!
--**BLUE BOLT**
STYLE!

HERE'S
ONE,
BOLTIE!

WHAT SIZE
COLLAR DID
YOU SAY YOU
WEAR?

HUH!

WHAT
THE...!

THIS IS **ONE**
WAY OUT!

HELP!
DON'T LEAVE
US HERE!

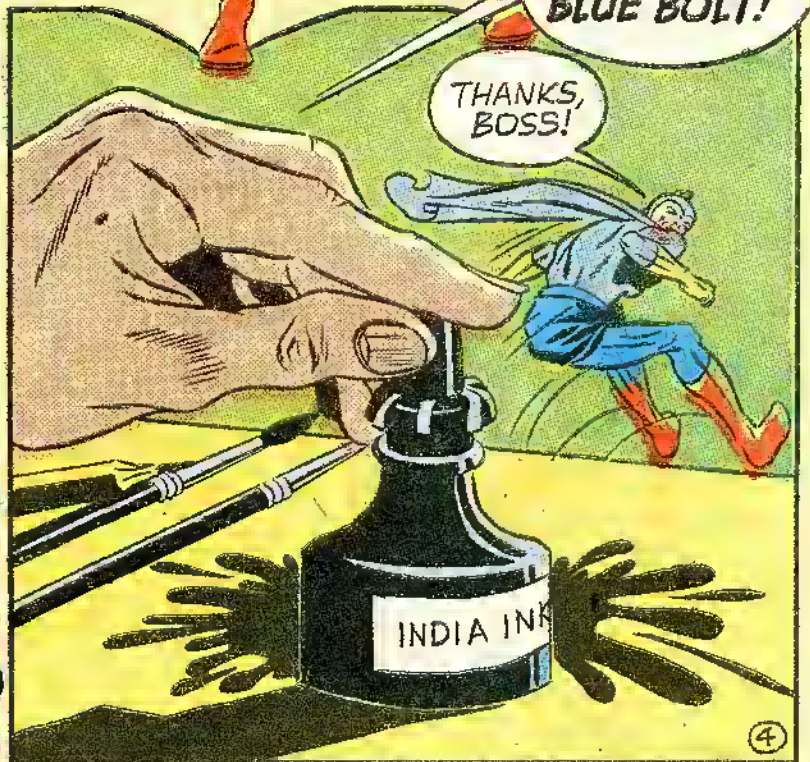
SO IS
THIS!

THAT'S WHAT
YOU
THINK!

BACK, WHERE
YOU CAME FROM,
MUG!

I'LL KEEP
HIM HERE FOR
YOU,
BLUE BOLT!

THANKS,
BOSS!



HI, LOIS! -- SEE
A GUY COME THROUGH
THIS PAGE?

HERE HE
COMES NOW,
BOLTIE!

WHAT IS THIS?
THAT **BLUE BOLT**
IS EVERYWHERE?

LET'S ROLL UP
THE RUG AND
REALLY GET
INTO THIS!

VERY CONVENIENT
PANEL YOU LANDED
IN, MY CROOKED
FRIEND!

OOOH!
WHAT NOW?

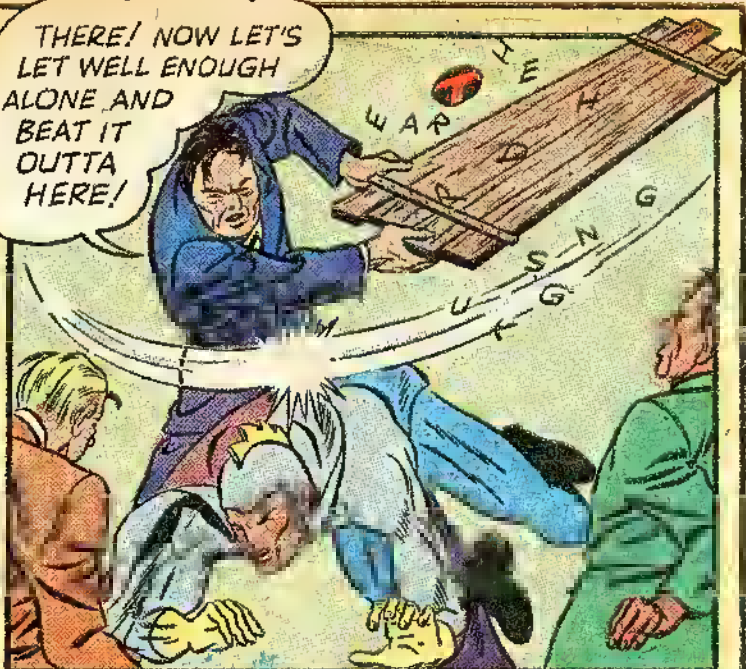
**COMING
THROUGH!**

LUCKY I WUZ
ABLE TO GET
TO MY KNIFE!

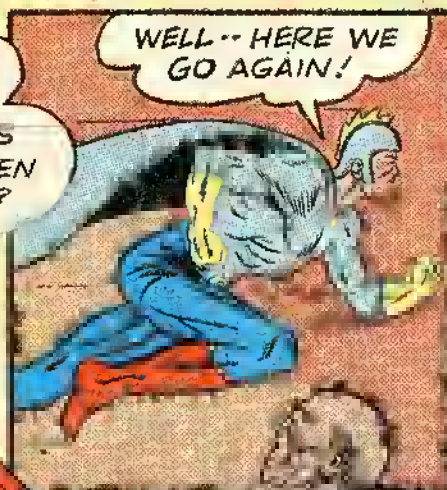
BETTER PUT IT
AWAY ... BEFORE
SUMBUDDY GITS
HOITED...
MEANING
US!



THERE! NOW LET'S
LET WELL ENOUGH
ALONE AND
BEAT IT
OUTTA
HERE!



SAY, YOU DUMB
DODO OF A
LETTERING-MAN!
COULDN'T YOU THINK OF
ANY OTHER KIND OF
CAPTION BESIDES
A WOODEN
ONE?



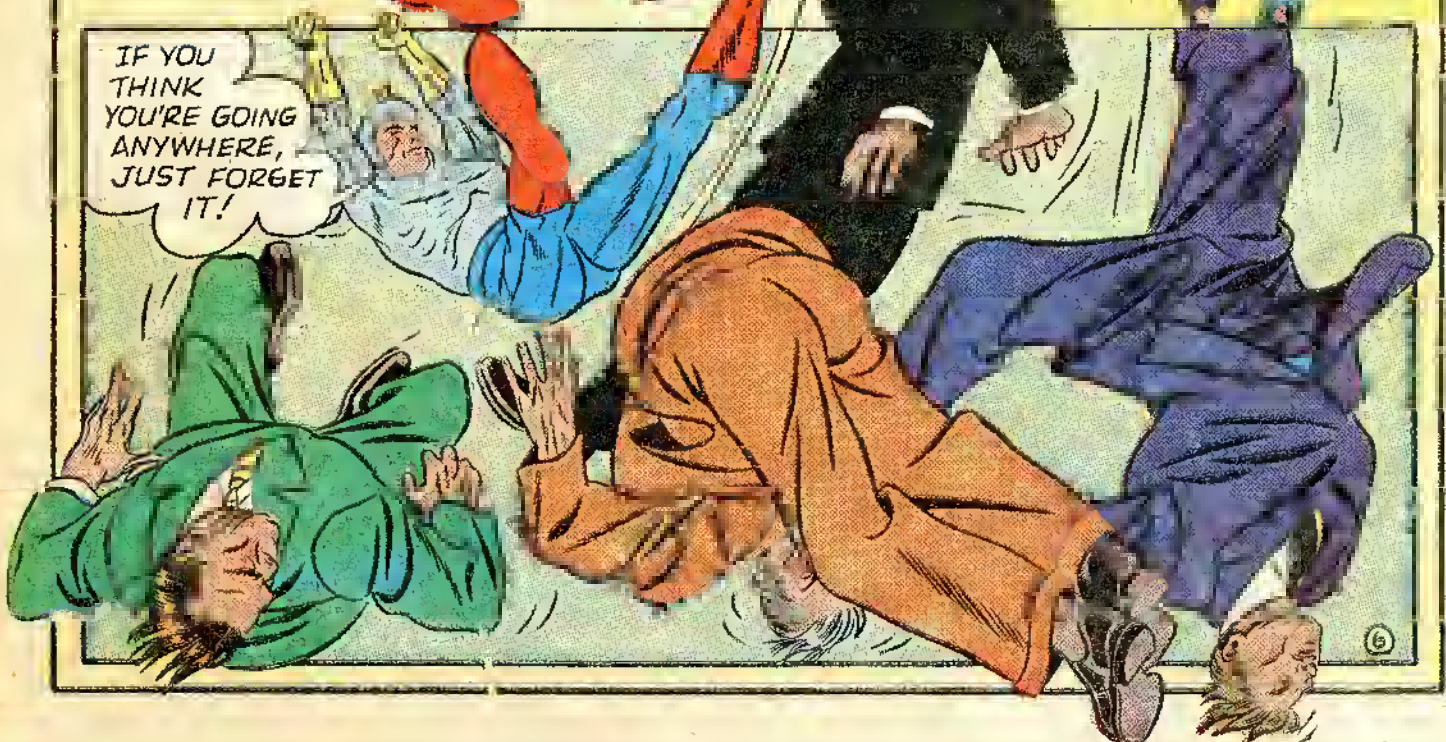
WELL-- HERE WE
GO AGAIN!



NOW!



IF YOU
THINK
YOU'RE GOING
ANYWHERE,
JUST FORGET
IT!



WAIT FOR
**BLUE
BOLT,**
FELLERS!

NOT
ME!

THE LESS I HAVE
TO DO WITH YOU,
THE BETTER
I'LL LIKE
IT!

THE OLD
BOW-AND-ARROW
TECHNIQUE!

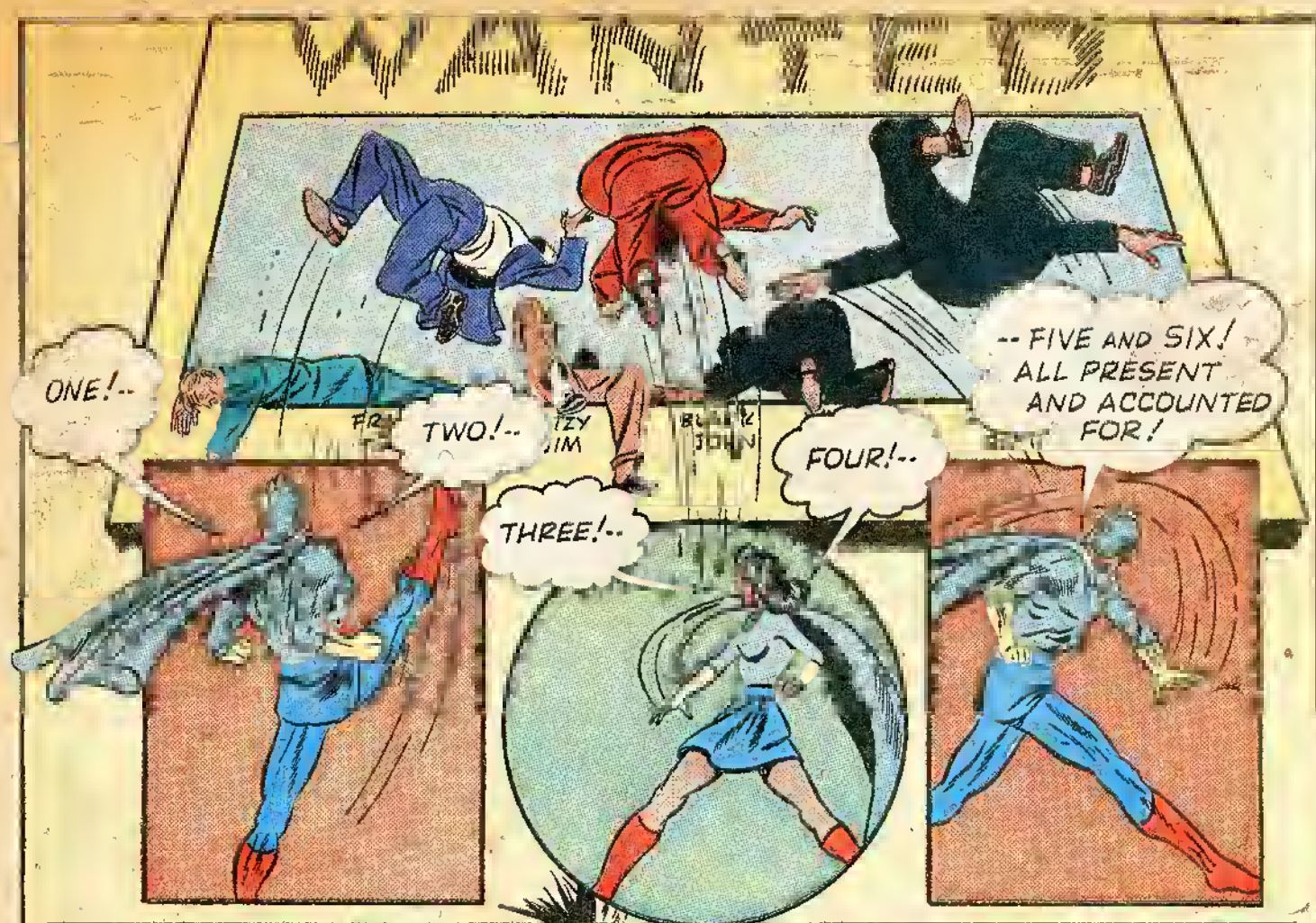
BULLS-EYE!

GRAB A COUPLE OF
THESE PUNKS
AND FOLLOW ME,
LOIS!

RIGHT
WITH YOU,
BOLTIE!

YOU BOYS
ARE ON YOUR
WAY HOME, SO
DON'T FRET!

JOEY THE PINK FRANK THE TORP FITZY JIM BLACK JOHN



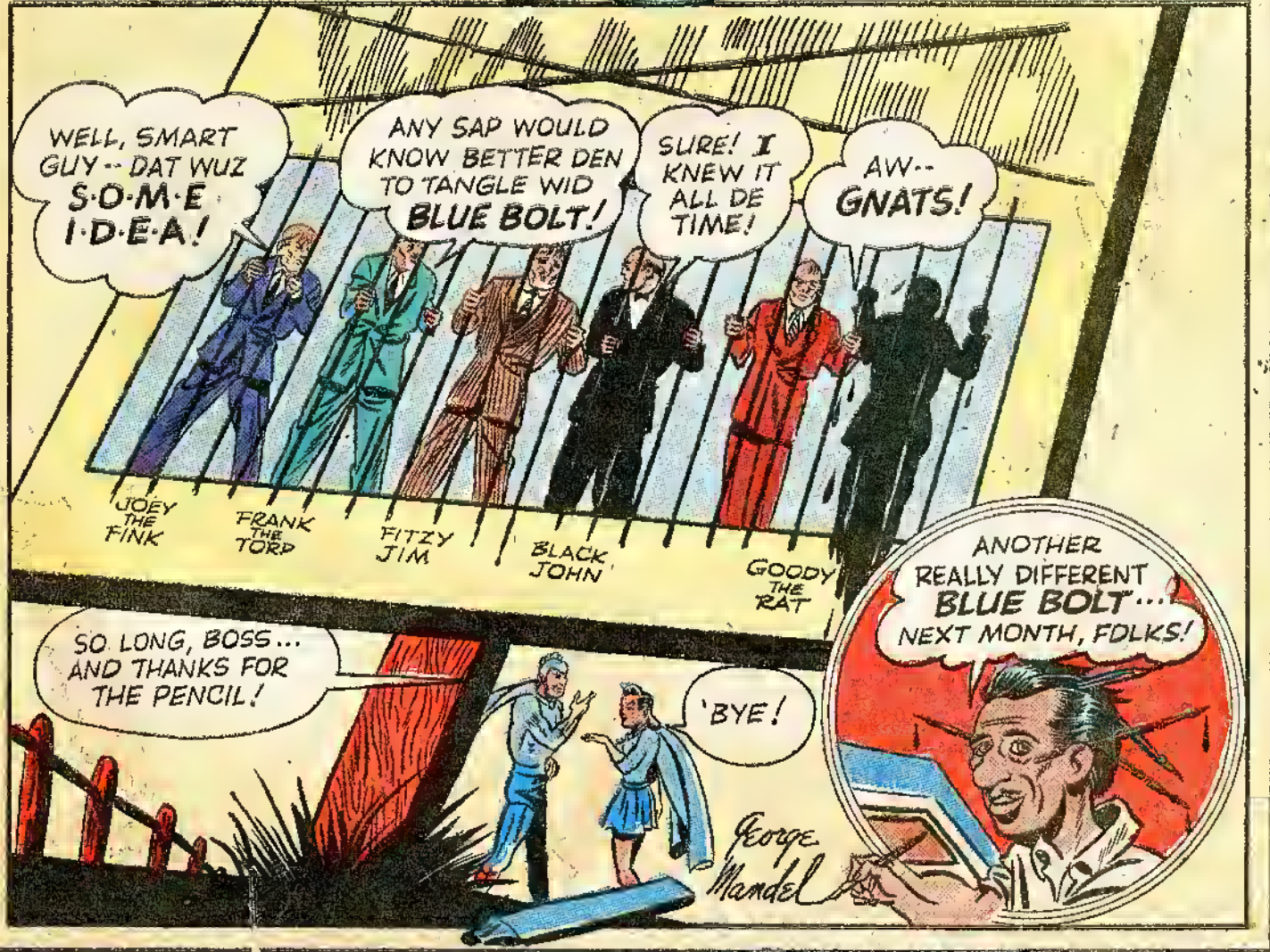
ONE!...

TWO!...

FOUR!...

-- FIVE AND SIX!
ALL PRESENT
AND ACCOUNTED
FOR!

THREE!...



WELL, SMART
GUY -- DAT WUZ
S-O-M-E
I-D-E-A!

ANY SAP WOULD
KNOW BETTER DEN
TO TANGLE WID
BLUE BOLT!

SURE! I
KNEW IT
ALL DE
TIME!

AW--
GNATS!

JOEY
THE
FINK

FRANK
THE
TORD

FITZY
JIM

BLACK
JOHN

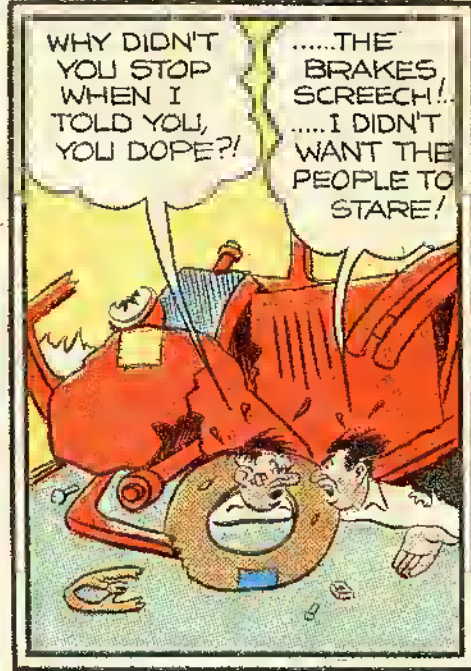
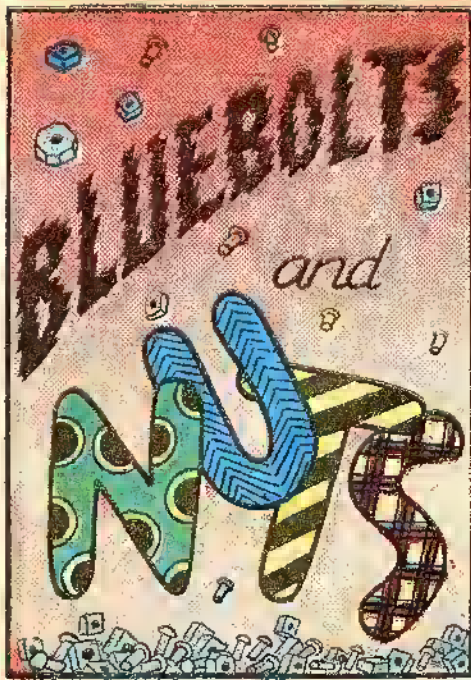
GOODY
THE
RAT

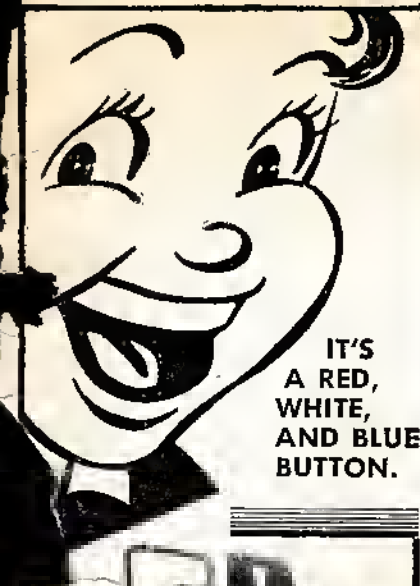
SO LONG, BOSS...
AND THANKS FOR
THE PENCIL!

'BYE!

ANOTHER
REALLY DIFFERENT
BLUE BOLT...
NEXT MONTH, FDLKS!

George
Mandel





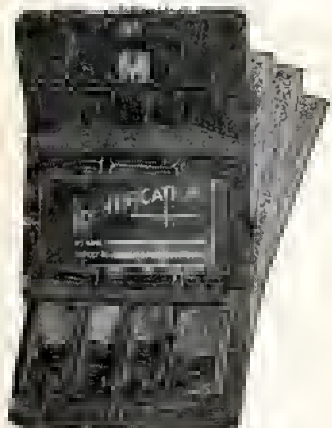
IT'S
A RED,
WHITE,
AND BLUE
BUTTON.



SNAP

Snap pictures with the UNI-
VEX CAMERA. 1½" x 1⅛"
pictures can be enlarged.

No. MO-10345c



CARRY

Carry BILLFOLD AND COIN
PURSE. Rubberized leather.
State initial to be stamped.

No. MO-12445c

BLACKOUT BUTTON

It Glows in the Dark

PIN IT ON
YOUR LAPEL

WEAR IT ON
YOUR BELT
BOTH FRONT
AND BACK



EVERY
MEMBER
OF YOUR
FAMILY
SHOULD
HAVE ONE

INSTRUCTIONS FOR USING HOLD TO THE LIGHT

- *Expose the luminous article to daylight or hold it close to an electric bulb for FIVE SECONDS. (This will "charge" it with light.)*

It Will Then Glow in the Dark For Several Hours

The glow is brilliant in the first few minutes immediately following the exposure to light, then very gradually it becomes weaker

When the luminous glow dims, recharge by exposing it to light. Long exposure to light is not necessary, since it will not increase the duration of luminescence.

When going into a dark room from strong sunlight, the full effect of the glow will not be evident until your eyes have had time to accustom themselves to the darkness.

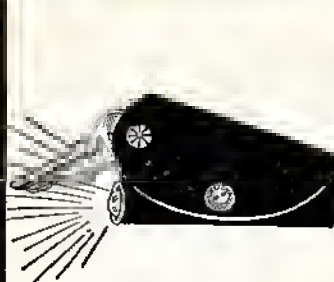
No. MO-21025c



SPOT

Spot far-off objects with this
3¾" POCKET TELESCOPE.
Lenses optically ground.

No. MO-16940c



SEE

See the keyhole at night
with KEE-LITE. Combination
key holder and flashlight.

No. MO-18232c



EXPERIMENT

Experiment with the GYRO-
SCOPE TOP. Find how airplanes
and ships keep even keel.

No. MO-96025c



GIVE

Give mother or sister a
gold-filled BIRTHSTONE
RING. Send month of
birth and ring size.

No. MO-19955c

—GIVE ARTICLE NUMBER—PUT COINS BETWEEN CARDBOARD.

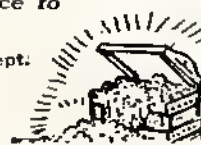
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